SEPTEMBER, 1928

The Quality Magazine

PRICE 25 CENTS

Screenland

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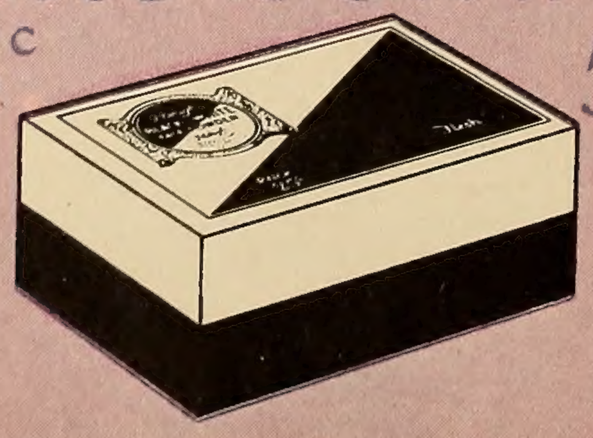

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OUR WORLD TODAY
A Modern Screen Magazine

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC., Executive Offices:* 1501 *Broadway, New York, N. Y.

¶ *Marie Prevost, the Girl on the Cover, will soon be seen in Cecil De Mille's* 'The Godless Girl.'

¶ SCREENLAND *is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.*

SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

September, 1928 — *"The Spirit of the Movies"* — VOL. XVII, No. 5

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

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Ask Me

An Answer Page of Information
Address: MISS VEE DEE

SCREENLAND Magazine
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Sally O'Neil dares you to ask her — and we dare her to say yes.

ROSEMARY, *Baltimore.* More troubled hearts to soothe, more wrinkles to iron out. What is this—a department of face-lifting or a hand laundry for tear-stained hankies? Well, dry your eyes and put your heart in my hand while I tell you the real truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Ramon Novarro. He is not leaving the screen for a monastery or even for the concert stage. Quite the contrary—he is 29 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He came to the United States from Mexico before he was 20 years old to make a name for himself on the stage. His first appearance was as a dancer in vaudeville; his first picture experience came in 1921. Rex Ingram is generally credited with being his Columbus. *Ben Hur* was Ramon's first big smash. He is still a bachelor, a devoted son and brother, spending his spare time with his family and averse to public appearances. There—I've told all!

Mrs. Wm. Goodsell, Jr., Somerville. I suppose a Goodsell is next to a best-seller, eh, Mrs. William? Anna Q. Nilsson may be addressed at First National, Burbank, Cal., where she made *The Whip.* She was born in Ystad, Sweden, on March 30 but doesn't divulge the year. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 132 pounds and has blonde hair and dark blue eyes. She has been married twice and may marry again as she is said to be engaged to E. G. Krause, Beverly Hills investment broker.

Betty J. C. of Brooklyn. Of course I'll excuse your broken English or anything else you've smashed. Lois Moran was born March 1, 1910; she is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 107 pounds, with hazel eyes and blonde hair. Her latest is *The River Pirate.* Address Lois at Fox Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Donald Keith was born in 1903. Address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He has just made *The Devil's Cage* with Pauline Garon and Ruth Stonehouse at the Chadwick Studios, 1440 No. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss F. A. B. of Washington. Can anyone come across with a cleaner title than that? No, Lux against us. Write to Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Warner Baxter and Neil Hamilton at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree appeared in *The Michigan Kid* with Conrad Nagel at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. One of Renee's latest is *The Cossacks* with John Gilbert. John gets his mail at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Colleen Moore at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., and William Haines at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Leonora of Brooklyn. Why so gloomy? You've been seeing too many comedies—try a nice fresh up-to-the-minute drama with a dash of tragedy; that often brings relief when all other remedies fail. Viola Dana is 4 feet 11½ inches tall. Mary Pickford is 5 feet and weighs 100 pounds. May McAvoy is 4 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 94 pounds. Sally O'Neil is 5 feet 2 inches, weight 100 pounds. Lya de Putti is not quite 5 feet tall. She is to make several films for Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Opal of Cleveland. You want the color of my eyes, do you? Sorry, but I need all my color. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton are contract players under the Paramount banner and can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Sally O'Neil is with Tif-

(*Continued on page* 102)

Pathé glorifies youth and beauty

Coming Pathe Pictures

"ANNAPOLIS"

with Jeanette Loff and John Mack Brown. Directed by W. Christy Cabanne

ROD LA ROCQUE

in

"LOVE OVER NIGHT"

with Jeanette Loff, Tom Kennedy and Mary Carr. A Hector Turnbull Production. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

LEATRICE JOY

in

"MAN-MADE WOMEN"

with H. B. Warner, John Boles and Seena Owen. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

Coming Pathe Pictures

"TENTH AVENUE"

with **PHYLLIS HAVER**

Victor Varconi

and Joseph Schildkraut

A William C. deMille Production. Produced by DeMille Pictures Corporation.

WILLIAM BOYD

in **"THE COP"**

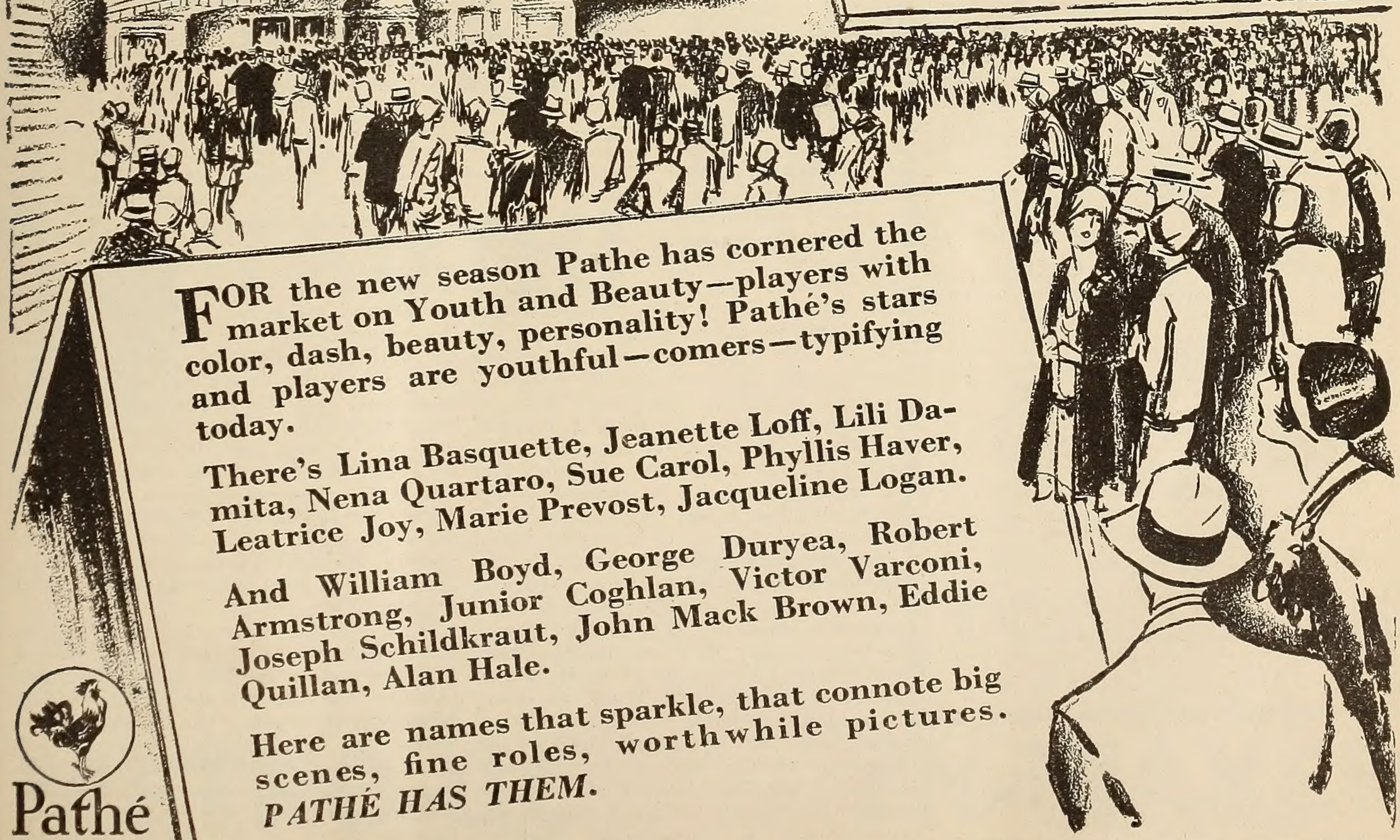
with Alan Hale, Jacqueline Logan and Robert Armstrong

A Donald Crisp Production. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

James Cruze, Inc. presents

"THE RED MARK"

with Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Gustave Von Seyffertitz and Rose Dione. Personally directed by James Cruze.



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And William Boyd, George Duryea, Robert Armstrong, Junior Coghlan, Victor Varconi, Joseph Schildkraut, John Mack Brown, Eddie Quillan, Alan Hale.

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Written right out of a lifetime of day-to-day contact with the movies, "The Story of The Films" does more than merely answer the current questions and problems of production, distribution and exhibiting. It takes you back to the days of penny arcade movies and the "chase" pictures. It tells you of the early bitter struggles against a skeptic public. It weaves a fascinating, exciting story of the adventures—the failures and successes—of these great business frontiersmen.

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Books for FANS

Paul Leni, the German director who has continued his continental success in America.

A Classic *Triumphs on the* Screen

By *Paul* Leni

Director of 'The Man Who Laughs'

At the moment I can think of no precedent for a motion picture of the type of *The Man Who Laughs*. Movie audiences are supposed to like their heroines sweet and sympathetic, and their heroes handsome, noble and good. Thus it was with some trepidation that we approached the task of transferring to the screen the mighty novel of Victor Hugo's, which incorporates for its romantic interest a heroine beautiful but blind, and a hero noble and good—but repulsively mutilated. There was no question of compromising the issue as some Hugo enthusiasts feared might be done; *Dea* does not recover her sight in the last reel, nor does *Gwynplaine*, the Laughing Man, turn into a model of movie heroes by a hocus-pocus operation.

Those who love Hugo—and I number myself among his most ardent readers—are not repelled by the printed form of his absorbing tale; why then, I thought, should the visual aspect of the story be repellent? There were many who felt that the transfer could not be successfully accomplished, but I was so convinced that the beauty and drama of the novel would carry the same uplifting sweep on the screen that I set to the task with confidence.

It is, in fact, the very points that are apparently unpleasant that actually elevate the love between these two strange, lonesome people into heights of great beauty. Superficially, *Gwynplaine* is not an object that would command devotion. Carrot-haired, lean, with large teeth bared by the unerasable grin that has been carved on his face in his babyhood, he is, to the unseeing eyes of the multitude, only a curious and original clown; it is *Dea* in her blindness who alone sees him for what he really is. *Dea* recognizes the beauty of soul and steadfastness of character that is the true *Gwynplaine*, and so it is that the very affliction that might have been her tragedy is the instrument to complement her happiness. For with *Gwynplaine* she is happy. Had she not been blind, she, too, might have seen but the surface—and there would have been no story.

The tender attachment between the two grows out of their entire dependence upon each other. Theirs is no fleeting, light-hearted romance; it is bred in deep and bitter need. Have you ever noticed in real life that it is not the prettiest girl and most charming man that make the happiest couple so often as it is the plain unwanted woman and the simple, unpretentious man? The very fact that these two hold no charms for others, that they were lonely and unhappy before the miracle of finding someone who could hold them dear came into their lives, makes them cling to their partners with a desperate and fulfilling joy. So with *Gwynplaine* and *Dea*. Only the boy who had grown up with her could altogether understand the beautiful, frail *Dea*. Only the blind girl could be a suitable partner for the monstrous-looking man. Here was the ideal union—each had found a perfect mate.

This was the theme I felt should be raised paramount in the picture, and I bent every other incident to be subservient to that. The fact that the public, too, has taken poor *Gwynplaine* and his *Dea* to their hearts, has approved and applauded this this violent upsetting of traditional movie amour, makes me feel very humbly and proudly that I have succeeded in establishing the theme of that master dramatist, Victor Hugo, on the screen.

"We can get seats for that picture across the street"
"I'D RATHER STAND ON LINE AND SEE THIS METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE—THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD."

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in
"The Cossacks"

MARION DAVIES
in
"Her Cardboard Lover"

JOHN GILBERT
in
"Four Walls"

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THE finest stories
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in
"Telling the World"

WHITE SHADOWS
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WITH
MONTE BLUE and
RAQUEL TORRES

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Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lion, is staging a question contest of his own. He offers two $50 prizes—one to the cleverest man, one to the cleverest woman, for the best answers to his questions. And furthermore Leo will present autographed photographs of himself for the fifty next best sets of answers.

Leo, his mark

LEO'S QUESTIONS

1 Name three famous animals in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and Hal Roach comedies.
2 What popular song bears the same name as a current M-G-M picture?
3 Which M-G-M featured player, not yet starred, do you consider most worthy of stardom? Tell why in not more than 75 words.
4 Name three famous M-G-M "teams" of actors.
5 What are five of Bill Haines' picture successes?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by September 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of Contest of June, 1928
MRS. JOHN D. JESK, 214 E. 51st Street, New York City
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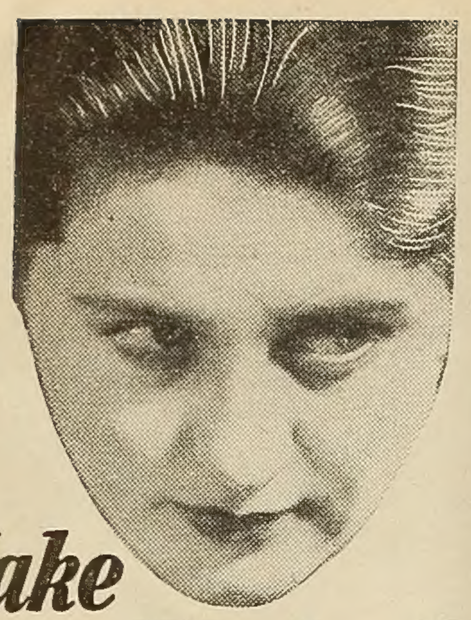

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MOTION

PICTURES

MOST FASCINATING—HIGHEST PAID OF ALL PROFESSIONS

A Nation-wide survey will be started shortly in search of STAR material and all (the Kiddies included) will be given the opportunity of having a SCREEN TEST made to determine their fitness for Motion Pictures.

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The number of TESTS to be made is not limited but the time, during which you may register for these TESTS, is limited. Therefore your request for details and registration blanks, which will be forwarded FREE upon request, should be sent to us promptly.

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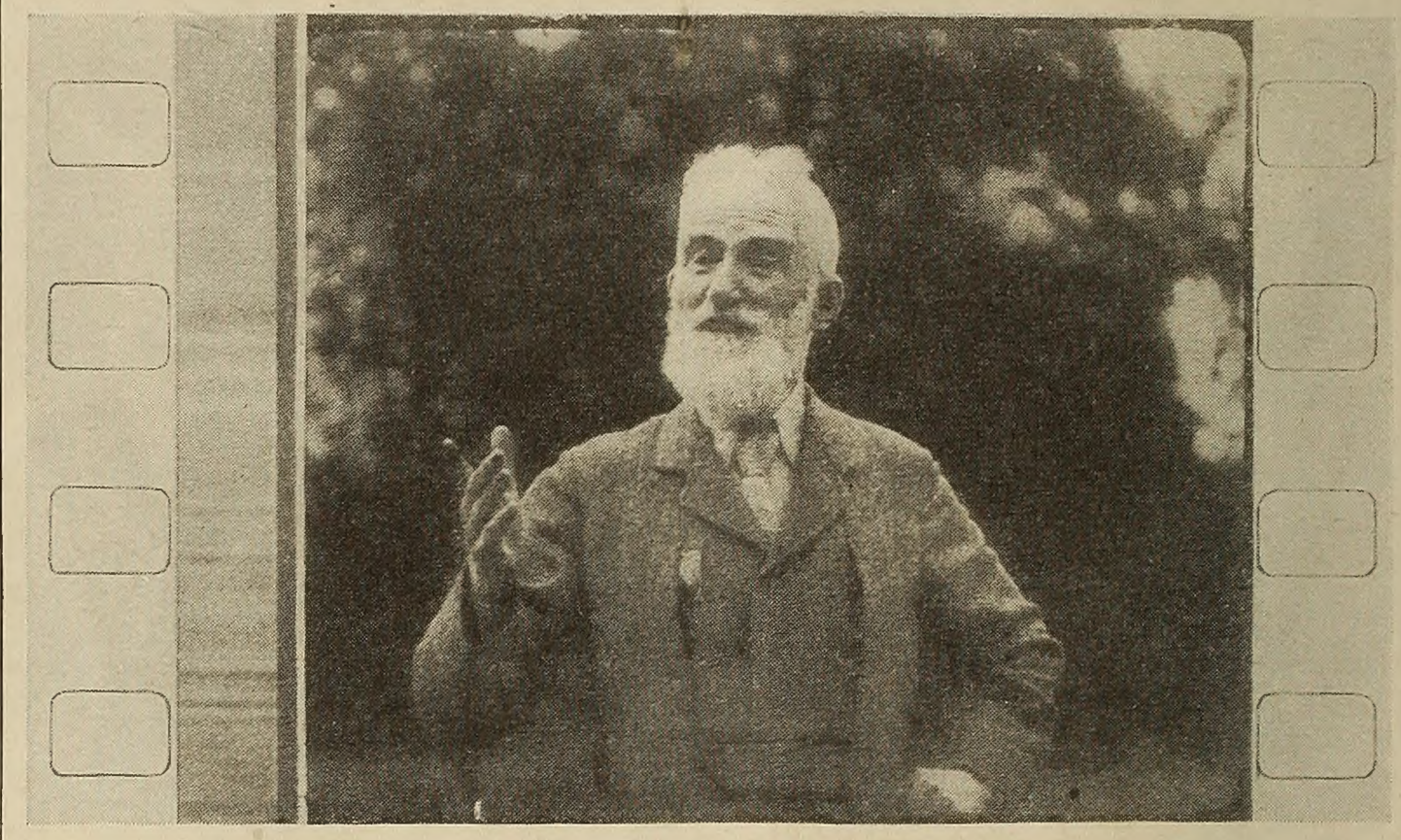
Pictures that TALK



¶ George Bernard Shaw, the great English author, and the photograph of his voice at the side of the film which he made for Movietone.

¶ The Talkers do not talk as much as they are talked about.

By Edwin Howard

THE feeling about Talkers has clarified more or less. No one seems to know or care whether the orchestration is created at the moment or canned. Nor does there seem to be much feeling about reporting events in sound as well as photographically. Both these ideas are good. Both are accepted. The news-reel is a real entertainment feature. People go just to 'see-and-hear' it. The importance of this wonderful method of reporting has been brought out by the shots and records made at the conventions. Also the unintelligible roars of crowds are curiously exciting.

Regarding the real art of the Talkers a great deal of argument has been produced by the effort to *place the sound.* For example, when Senator Moses spoke he was shown in a close-up, and the voice seemed to be as near as he was and actually to come from his mouth. In the case of the singing of the English football audience, the sound seemed to come quite properly as it might have come had the screen been an open window looking out on to the Wembley stadium. In the pioneer Vitaphone *Lion and the Mouse* production the voices of Buster Collier and May McAvoy seemed to be nearer than the figures were for some reason.

The most interesting, artistic and thoroughly satisfying bit of Talker production of this period is George Bernard Shaw's Movietone monologue. Why? Because his personality came through, and I like him now more than I ever did before. Here is the secret that will make the Talkers successful. The sound adds to the charm of the players by letting us know them better. Wouldn't you like to hear Clara Bow, for instance? Of course you would.

The Fox organization had all their stars talk experimentally for Movietone records, and I'll tell you now that Lois Moran is wonderful in this new art.

However, let us add, the Shaw picture was nothing viewed as a motion picture, nor was *The Lion and the Mouse.*

We await the director who can feel and produce a real picture *adding* the drama of sound.

The questions are often asked, "What about the foreign artists whose English is not perfect?" and "How about the foreign sales on pictures that speak English?"

One seems to answer the other. I do not see why an elaborate production could not be made and have two or three players for each important role. The expense of the set is paid for by the English production, then Renee Adoree steps into place and runs through the action for the French issue; or Vilma Banky does it for her native land in her own Hungarian. Every producer knows that against the whole cost of the production, the stars' salaries are a small part. Such films released in the native tongue in the foreign lands would doubtless bring in more than any silent picture ever did.

As a matter of fact, if the role was of a French girl in America a little broken English would prove very captivating. Look at the success of Milt Gross!

The ease with which the photographic sound recorders can be moved about will help directors to combine sound with action. For instance, they can make a sound record from an auto beside a running horse and get the yells of the rider as well as the thud of the hoofs, if they will.

Why surrender the art of motion to the phonograph? Why not combine them?

"Our Love Must Wait ~ ~ the Enemy Will Not!"

¶ Once a little gutter girl—her breathless beauty had made her the enchantress of an Empire! A nation's nobles the pliant plaything of her charm. ¶ And now, for one fleeting moment, her first true love lay close upon her heart. ¶ HE had forgotten duty, honor, and all else...But SHE remembered—and to save her nation she denied her love... Sent England's greatest naval hero forth to change the destiny of Europe—or to die!

You'll worship

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"The DIVINE LADY"

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Celebrated fact romance of one of history's greatest loves—

Cyclonic spectacle of the naval battle that made Lord Nelson famous—

Scenes of sumptuous splendor in the Courts of Europe—

Five great artists headed by one of the loveliest of Stars

Produced by Frank Lloyd, who made "The Sea Hawk." Presented by Richard A. Rowland.

With VICTOR VARCONI —H. B. Warner—Ian Keith—Marie Dressler.

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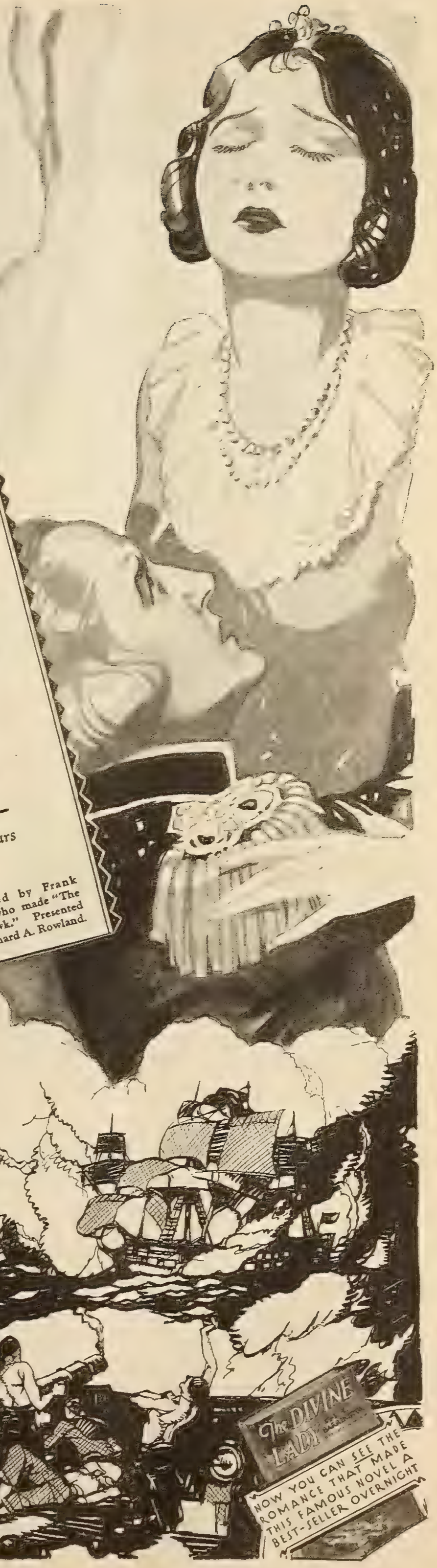

"England expects every man to do his duty!"

The DIVINE LADY

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If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Company, Dept I, 617 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

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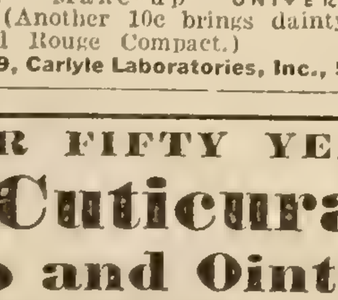

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have afforded the purest, sweetest and most satisfactory method of caring for the skin and hair.

How Joe Farnum writes titles. He looks at the picture, then he thinks of something clever. Simple.

A Philosopher at the PICTURES

CHANGE! You have a cubit more mentality today than you had yesterday. But before we bow to your tremendous towering knowledge we find that the world we were to measure you by has changed, too. Did it grow more than you or you more than it? We cannot tell you, as unfortunately our own dimensions shrank considerably. We read *Show Cases;* we saw *Telling the World* and *Porgy* (not a picture); we heard some synchronized phonos and photos and we confess to a nice low viewpoint.

We are low because of the continual degradation of art. If we make pictures that talk we kill the art of pictures. If we combine bas-relief and painting we ruin the values of the color and lower the art of painting. (John S. Sargent did attempt this in his Boston Library frieze but the direction of the source of light was known to him.) If we draw accurately, too accurately, we are photographic and art is *nil.* A symbol is art and beauty. A circle to symbolize God is true art. The dimly-seen shadow of the scurrying old man as played by Emil Jannings in *The Last Laugh* was a symbol of the emotional reaction and hence cinema art. In *Telling the World* little Anita Page finds a gesture to express sincere love and beautiful surrender. It was symbolic. It is art.

Change! Our beloved screen has begun to squawk and caterwaul to high heaven; and art, all art, every art is being degraded. The uplifting ethereal songs we have heard through Victor Records are weighted down by pictures of fat men in the solo numbers—(oh, let's call them 'Singies!') The Talkers speak the most utterly commonplace, undramatic, incredibly stupid dialogue and the picture has neither action nor art.

Change, the inevitable change will take place in talking pictures and soon, too; and the change will be growth. If the dialogue is stupid now, then play-writers will be hired to give of their cleverness. If the pictures lack action now, skillful directors will introduce it. As it always has been, so it will be in talking pictures. The art of pictures will grow to include some of the beauty of sound and much of its drama, and will not lose because of the change.

Changes, however, do not come because of the seasons. First there is man as disturber. Such a one is Joseph P. Kennedy, who is taking into his hands, from weaker drivers, the reins of power. He has cracked the whip over Pathe, De Mille, First National, the Keith chain and R. C. A.; and his own F. B. O. is gathering speed to lead the procession, possibly. At the Roxy, the other evening, we saw *The Hit of the Show,* an F. B. O. picture, and it and Joe Brown, the leading man, were good entertainment. It was not realistic, nor sordid. It was gentle with sentiment and emotion. It carried on the art of entertaining by a good old formula and one at which every cynic can scoff. If this is the artistic attitude of Mr. Kennedy we heartily compliment him. Good plots, good players, good directors and let art take care of itself. It will. Art has a way of cropping out where experienced sincere people are *trying,* and, we imagine, Mr. Kennedy is an inspiring boss.

I think it was the great actress Rachel who was once at a loss what to recite and repeated the alphabet in Polish, which her hearers could not understand. But such was her art that she made them shake with laughter, chill with horror and weep for sorrow. The talent that can put emotion into sounds is about to be crowned in Hollywood.

Once We Called Him a Wallflower

Now He's the Best Talker and Most Popular Man in Town

I COULD never figure out what was wrong with Jim Begley. Knowing him intimately I knew he wasn't the dumb-bell that everybody had him labeled. When alone with me, he was his natural self. On the subject of business, he could sit for hours and tell me how he would like to change things in his company's sales policy. And darn good ideas, they were, too! He could be witty as the best of them. He could discuss politics in a very logical way.

But, oh boy! How he'd close up when in a business conference or when talking to strangers! And socially—what a dud he was! He'd sit back like a clam, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. And one night there occurred an incident that crushed his pride. A girl whom I knew Jim admired came up to me and said:—"Say, why don't you leave that wallflower home? He doesn't contribute anything to the fun."

Luckily for Jim, he was standing close by and overheard every word. When the party broke up, Jim had vanished. I called him up next day but the operator told me he had quit his job. I tried to locate him but was unsuccessful, so I soon dropped him from my mind.

A Chance Encounter

One night about a year later I heard some one calling me from a passing automobile. I turned around and—lo and behold! Here's Jim. Sitting at the wheel of a snappy red sport coupe, dressed like a fashion plate and looking like a million dollars. Observing my astonishment, he winked and said hastily —"All questions answered later, Bill. Meanwhile, let's dine at my club. I've got to address the House Committee."

During the evening I couldn't help but marvel at the change in the man. Gone was the old air of diffidence and bashfulness. He was the lion of the party every minute. He completely dominated the conversation. Once he'd send us into gales of laughter in relating a funny experience he had with an Irish janitor. Next we breathlessly followed him through a description of his adventures as a doughboy in France. Later he told us about his wonderful position and how he expected to leave for Europe in a few days as a market investigator for his company.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all; the explanation of his change from a shy, self-conscious wallflower to a dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new home study training had enabled him to overcome timidness, and stage fright; taught him how to become an interesting, forceful speaker; and how it has shown him a short cut to advancement in business, social popularity, and real success.

"Take my tip, Bill, and do what I did," he said. "There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, and win advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and real success. Through this amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, able to dominate one man or thousands."

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly! Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words.* In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power, and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon NOW.

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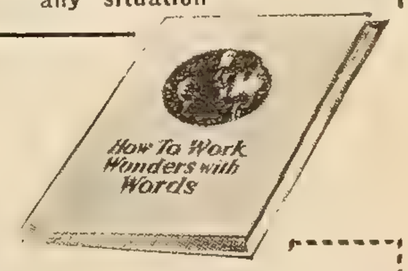

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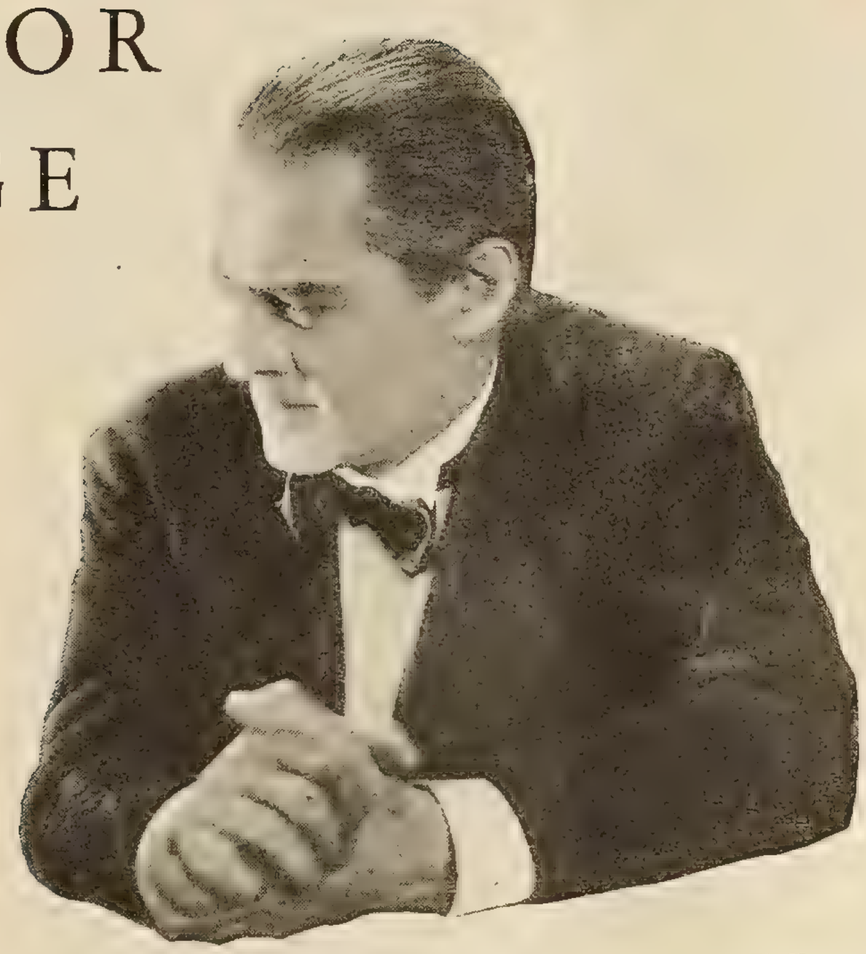
Lionel Barrymore

HONOR PAGE

¶ *One of the great figures of the American stage—great in heritage and great in accomplishment.*



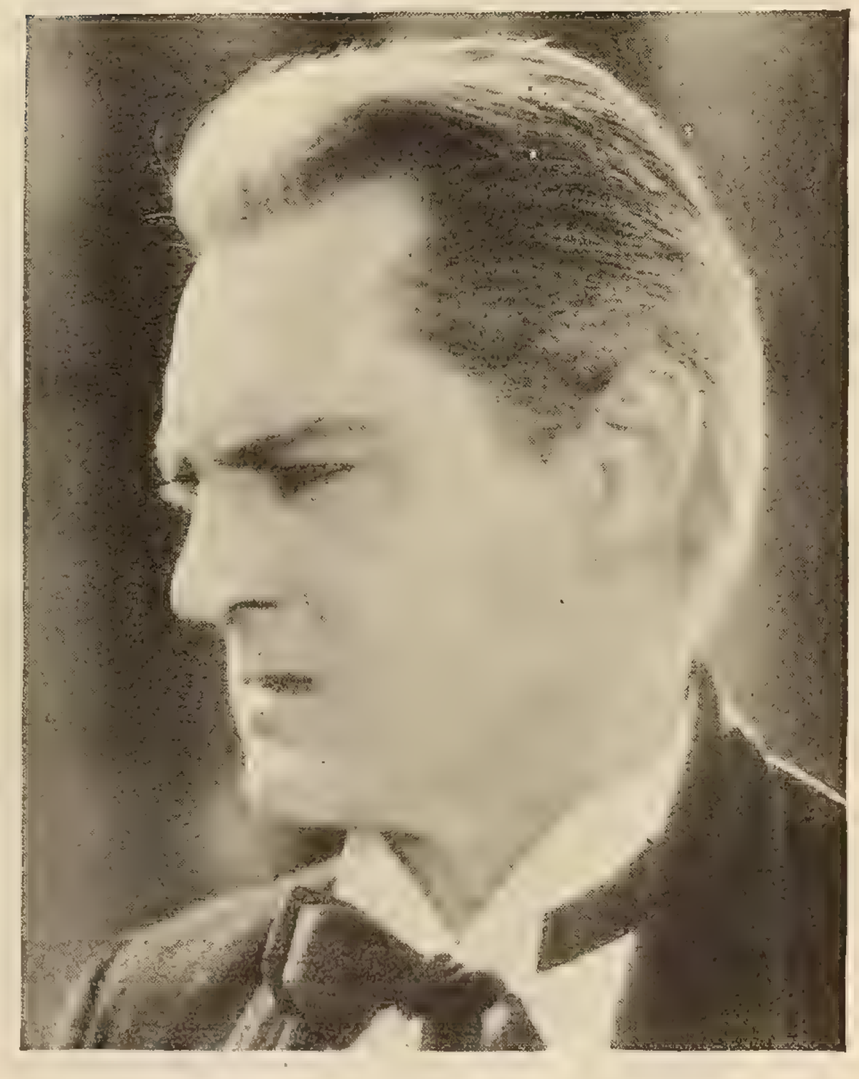
¶ *Vitaphone, the pioneer of the Talkers, also presents first Barrymore's audible art.*

Lionel Barrymore

FIRST the machine, and then the god. First the airplane, and then Lindbergh. First the talking film, and then Lionel Barrymore!

He alone, of all the actors who have tried to make Talkers, has realized their possibilities. Never once in *The Lion and the Mouse* could a printed title have taken the place of Barrymore's pregnant speech. His lines are no longer just words. They become by the magic of his voice the hissing snakes of hatred and the cajoling purrings of hypocrisy.

Talking Pictures were not an Art until Lionel Barrymore made them so.



¶ *The man who has overnight become the wonder of Hollywood.*

¶ *Pola Negri, in* 'The Woman from Moscow.' *Her defenses shattered, she supplicates with body, mind and heart, a symphony of entreaty.*

Acting All Over

An Editorial by

ELIOT KEEN

And it really doesn't mean a thing!

Pola, one of the greatest actresses (never well managed in America), has that strange talent for acting which suggests to you the word 'sincerity.' She can imagine an emotion and then let go, and presto, you'd think it was actually the heart of Pola Negri that was being trampled and torn.

William Haines, always merry and bright around the studio, can very quickly drop into the mood of a character, any mood, any character, any time.

This sincerity which is so hollow is an admirable thing, and makes for success in life. Colleges should train their young even as Hollywood. It is simply the art of not being self-conscious. We have seen men who were trying to tell the truth look like knaves and liars; and it has been our pleasure to see good story-tellers choke up on a tale which they knew was fiction.

Give us the noble gesture! Believe in something, and flaunt the banner of enthusiasm. Full pocket-books are carried by those who carry conviction. If you worry enough about it you can believe that the stuff you sell or the song you sing is not quite a bit of perfection. But we wouldn't if we were you. You can only think one thought at a time, and while it may be intelligent to know that every statue has its shadow, if you know what we mean, it is better to put in your time thinking of the remarkable and commendable qualities of your goods. And when you reach this belief you will find yourself happier, your neighbor will have more respect for you, and you will be more like Pola—which is reward enough for anyone!

THE *Newest* PICTURE GIRL

Eva Von Berne

¶ *A happy beauty far from home.*

¶ *In a home-made dress Eva arrives in New York.*

¶ *Before the camera Eva Von Berne justifies Norma Shearer's discernment.*

¶ *Former soldiers of Austria, now extras, meet her at Los Angeles.*

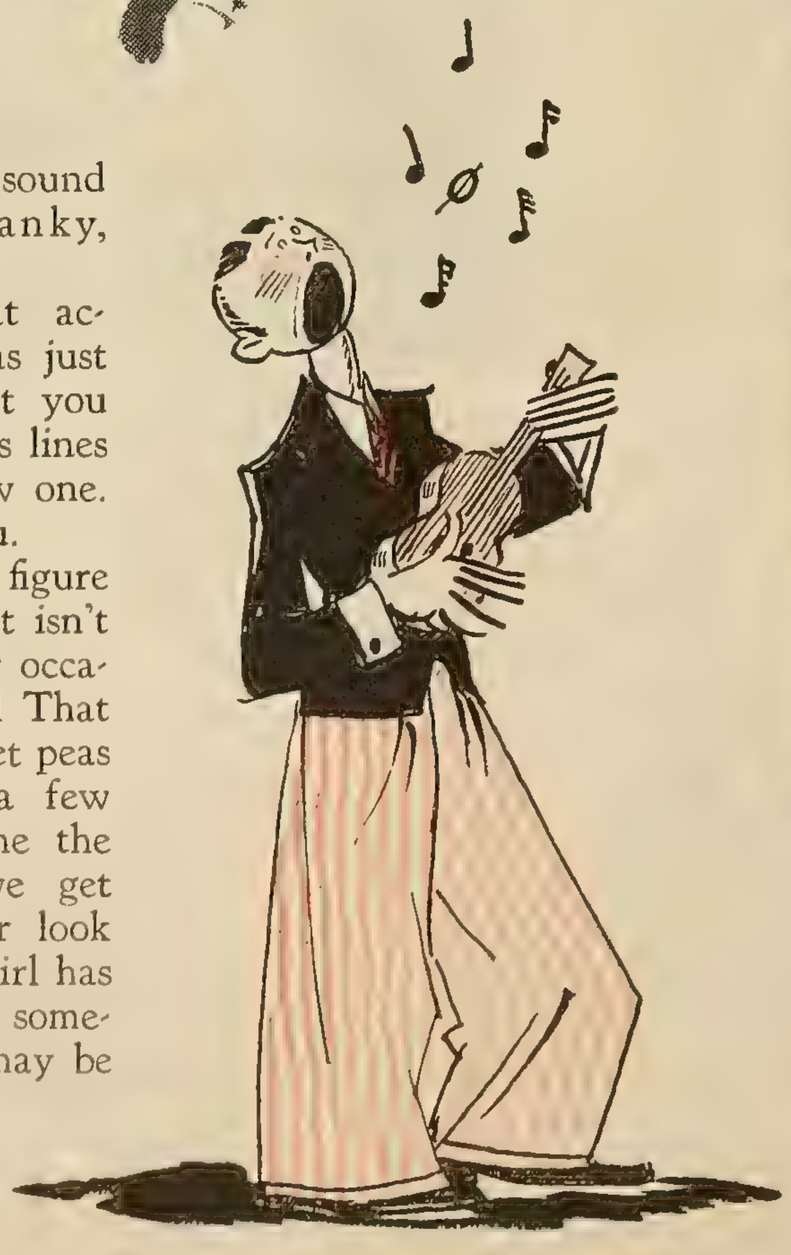
EVA VON BERNE is the newest and loveliest of European importations. Eva, living in a little suburb of Vienna, the daughter of a war-impoverished army officer, never dreamed that she would ever be a motion picture star. Forced to work, she had chosen the teaching of aesthetic dancing as her occupation and was diligently studying for the examinations to be held in May, which would enable her to secure a license to teach. She never took those examinations.

Norma Shearer, vacationing with her husband, Irving Thalberg, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio executive, in Europe, was attracted by a photograph of Eva which she came across in a dance magazine while waiting for her husband in the ante-room of a Viennese restaurant. Miss Von Berne's picture had been published as one of a group of pupils, but so greatly impressed was Norma Shearer by the beauty of the young girl, her graceful posture and quaint, enigmatic smile that she showed the magazine to Mr. Thalberg. He was immediately enthusiastic, and asked the Vienna representative of his company to look up the pretty girl and arrange for a screen test. Even as he gave orders (*Cont. on page* 99)

How Does Sex Appeal Sound?

¶ Will the Mating Call re-echo through our theatres and Seductive Murmurs be heard all the way from Hollywood?

By Delight Evans



WHAT are the wild sound waves saying? Spanky, spanky!

Whoever said that actions speak louder than words was just a great, big bully. You thought you knew all your favorite movie star's lines and here she is pulling a fast new one. Yoo hoo! Here's shouting at you.

'Say it with flowers' is a pretty figure of speech for Mothers' Day but it isn't what you'd call practical on other occasions. A man may look at a girl That Way and hand her a sheaf of sweet peas and make her feel good; but a few well-chosen words, such as 'Name the day' or 'What do you say we get spliced?' sound better. A tender look may tell volumes but maybe the girl has a book. In that case she craves something more substantial. Silence may be golden, but a little gold band is better.

All the sweet glances in the world were never so potent as a couple of words and a little music. The banjo Romeos used to waft the wails of 'Sweet Adeline' upon the night air and get a great kick out

¶ Until John Barrymore plays a love scene for the Talkers, they will have to worry along experimentally.

℄ *When ukulele ticklers sing*
About the fair one's figger,
We'll wish that we had father's gun
With finger on the trigger.

℄ *Even a blind man would have known that May McAvoy and Buster Collier of* 'The Lion and the Mouse' *were plighting.*

℄ 'Glorious Betsy' *gave Conrad Nagel his chance and Dolores Costello. 'M-y-y-y Swe-ee-t-heart,' he cried in a gruff voice.*

of it—usually from some old shoes. The ukulele laddie of a later generation sends the strains of 'Get Out and Get Under the Moon' up to cutie's boudoir casement.

After all, there's nothing like 'O sole mio!' sung in the moonlight by a romantic swain to an equally romantic maiden hanging out an upper window—you're darned right there's nothing like it, and nothing like the cold in the head the morning after.

But can't you imagine our excitement when Ramon Novarro and his Spanish harp stage a movie serenade scene to Marceline Day or Renee Adoree up there on her balcony, underneath the moon?

A movie lover used to have to sneak up. Now he can speak up, or tune up. You will soon notice the difference. Movies will be getting freer and easier, and everybody will be much happier—no inhibitions or anything—except possibly the censors. *They* will have to stuff their ears with cotton or chewing-gum when the love scenes or the fight scenes come on. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo never left much to the imagination as it was. And now—! John will gasp 'I love you' and Greta will look at him through those half-closed languorous eyes of hers and for once in her life she will have to say 'Yes.'

Victor McLaglen was never what you call suppressed especially in *What Price Glory?* His fight scenes in the future will be hot stuff. Two he-men, pounding and pummeling and panting—with dialogue to match.

"You dirty ——, you!"

"You're a ——, yourself!"

"Is that so, you so-and-so-and-so ——, you!"

(Words snipped by censors.) (*Cont. on page* 100)

MARIE PREVOST'S

Gift Offer

¶ *To be given to the writer of the best solution to her perplexity.*

¶ *How'd you like to win this beautiful combination, trimmed with lace —and the silver-cloth mules and a pair of yellow garters? Um-m-m!*

¶ *Marie, wearing the combination of birds'-eye blue crepe-de-chine, holds up for your approval the georgette negligee. Keep your eyes on the combination!*

¶ *Marie with her hair blonde in 'The Racket.'*

THERE is a homely old saying, "She'd give you the shirt off her back." It expresses generosity limitless and beautiful. Marie Prevost has such a reputation for giving, and so SCREENLAND'S Beggar sought her out and asked if she would like to offer a prize in a contest for the many fans who enjoy helping the stars with letters of suggestions.

"Do the fans really tell the stars what they think?" asked Marie.

The Beggar assured her that telling stars where they get on and off has ever been the prerogative of gallery gods and picture fans

"Well," said Miss Prevost, "there's something that I really want to know and if I could only round up my fan friends and ask them I'd appreciate the chance very much" And she smilingly added: "All I want to do is to please them."

The Beggar could guarantee that she would have her question answered, and now you must do your share. Here's her question

Marie Prevost wants to know if you like her best blonde or brunette?

¶ By 'best answer' is meant the briefest and most convincingly expressed opinion.

"What shall I give for a prize?" asked Marie, and finally it was decided that if she would pose in it, some lingerie would be perfect Because the people who didn't win would still get a kick out of the photographs.

The best letter will receive the prize consisting of one birds'-eye blue crepe-de-chine combination, one georgette negligee, one crepe-de-chine nightie (not pictured), one pair silver-cloth mules, and one pair of yellow garters. Each piece of lingerie is trimmed with beautiful lace. The 'undies' were purchased by Marie herself, and you can be very sure they are beautiful or Marie would never have been willing to pose in them.

Address: MARIE PREVOST
SCREENLAND Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes September 10, 1928

¶ The blonde hair makes Marie different, and yet very attractive, doesn't it —or don't you think so? Slip her the best answer and annex the slip!

¶ Graceful and beautifully formed Marie Prevost posing in the prize lingerie which will be sent to the writer of the best letter. The mules are included, and they have a kick.

WHAT *the* STARS

¶If you were in the buggy business, what would you think of Henry Ford? If you were an actor in the silent drama, what would you think of Talking Pictures? The Hollywood stars feel keenly about it. Here are their opinions.

THERE is excitement in Hollywood! There's a question that is crying for an answer. It is: what about the Talkers? Will all the companies make talking pictures? Are they here to stay? If so, which stars will be able to stand the supreme test of personality and art by facing a microphone and a camera at the same time? It is a big problem, and Hollywood is tackling it in Hollywood's usual vital way. Sound films have the movie colony on its ear. The actors with trained voices are commiserating with those whose silence is golden. Playwrights who have become scenario writers are dusting off the old text books for dramatists. Title-writers are wondering what's next. At various studios carpenters' hammers are swinging, making new sound-proof stages for talking movies. At the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, for instance, Stages 1 and 2 have already been torn down to make way for the new process.

Nightly in Hollywood the talk turns to Talkers. Tune in!

Take Ramon Novarro, for instance. He isn't worrying. In spite of his Mexican accent Ramon will find new happiness and a new forte in talking pictures. He has a charming tenor voice, with which he has already won success on the concert stage and on phonograph records. He welcomes the Talkers.

On the other hand, director Monta Bell can't see the spoken films except for short subjects. His latest picture, *The Bellamy Trial,* presented peculiar problems which spoken sequences might have solved. The author told her story by means of the testimony of the witnesses in a court-room. When the book was made into a movie, this testimony had to be shown in action. Bell preferred to do it that way to using the new device of synchronized sound.

The famous director of *Man, Woman, and Sin* and many other films, brought years of experience as a newspaper editor and writer to motion pictures.

By *Monta Bell*

WHEN every motion picture is accompanied by sound, then it will no longer be a motion picture, and a definite art will be discarded. One can stand the sound

THINK *about* *Talking Pictures*

of the voices for a few minutes but not for an hour and a half. The short subjects—the two-reelers—have been marvelous. Talking news-reels are perfect, one hundred percent more interesting than the silent news event, but an entire picture—never! The public will not listen that long. I might have used talkies to good effect in one sequence in *The Bellamy Trial*, when the attorneys sum up the evidence and make their final speeches to the jury. That might have been effective. It would have lasted but a few minutes, but to have done it for the whole picture would have been absurd.

—o—

The hero of *Tenderloin* and *Glorious Betsy* was well equipped to be the first movie actor to use his voice, for he has the degree of bachelor of oratory and began his career on the stage.

By *Conrad Nagel*

THE talking picture has not yet been perfected nor will it be for many months. Now it is curiosity that draws people to the theatres. They're interested in hearing how their favorite stars sound. They've seen our pictures in every angle. They know all about our home life and the way we think and what we eat for breakfast, but they haven't heard our voices and the novelty of that brings them to the theatres. But there's more than that. One must have vision to see what is going to develop from the talkies.

Of course there will be a temporary artistic set-back, but that will soon be overcome. In the early days of the moving pictures the spectators were amused by the fact that the pictures moved. We were thrilled that a girl waved. Now the mechanics are interested. The audience is intrigued by the fact that the pictures speak. At a recent news-reel the seagulls' call got a hand.

But this state of affairs will not last. The artist has always been able to surmount mechanics. Any technique is mechanical, yet it becomes insignificant when the artist steps in. We're pioneering with this medium, of course, but the stuff is there.

—o—

'The Girl who always Gets her Man' is one of the most vivid successes of the silent drama. She stepped from a Brooklyn high-school to the screen.

By *Clara Bow*

I LOVE them. I have seen and heard every talking picture that has been released in Hollywood. I can hardly wait until I get a role in one. There will be a number of us who will have to take lessons in voice placement, but it will be something new and worthwhile to conquer for a new and worthwhile art. It is rather difficult to say whether all future pictures will be talking films—that remains to be seen; but I do think the use of sound effects in all films will be adopted, for they add suspense and realism to any production.

The great European actor first won fame on the stage in productions staged by Max Reinhardt before going into pictures.

By *Emil Jannings*

MORE than ten years ago in Berlin, I was convinced that the combination of motion pictures and spoken drama was one of power. My conviction was caused by the clever usage of film for scenes of spectacle in the very midst of a spoken drama, an innovation that is seldom adopted outside of Germany. For mob scenes, ballroom scenes, etc., a screen curtain was quietly dropped and the drama would evolve itself on the screen. When the scene was completed the screen disappeared and the stage became the center of the spoken drama. They synchronized perfectly, one did not feel that the action was fantastic or unconvincing. Talking pictures are but a step beyond—a step upward, I should say. Talking pictures should be the means of bringing to the public some of the finest acting the world can offer today.

—o—

A youthful pioneer, she has kept up with the changing times of the cinema and has often lead the way.

By *Norma Talmadge*

THE talking picture is a development of the silent drama as we know it today. It is a distinct novelty, and as such a welcome innovation. In addition to its drawing power at the box-office, it will undoubtedly work radical changes in photoplay construction. The crudities that are now being criticized will naturally disappear as the various sound devices are perfected. While I do not believe that all motion pictures should be projected in this new form, the addition of the sound device will add realism to any production.

Like everything else in the world, this new device must proceed by the 'trial and error' method. No one can definitely prophecy the ultimate effect talking pictures may have on the older form. Time alone can tell.

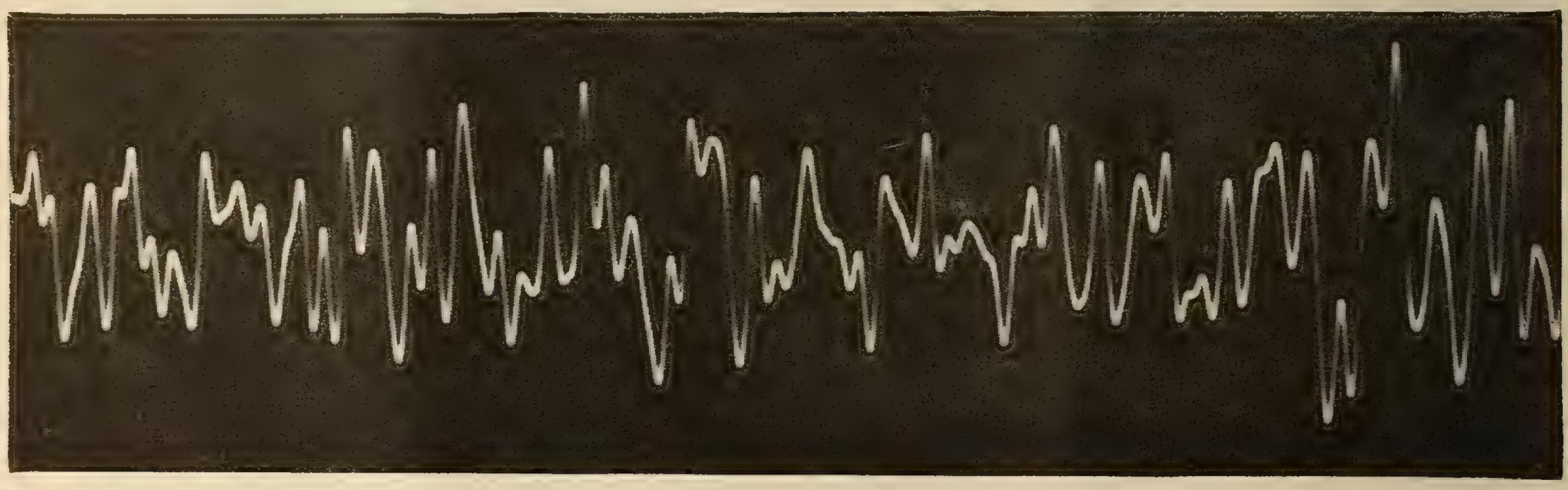
—o—

One of the greatest box-office attractions in America, he brought his famous voice to the movies and started it all, with *The Jazz Singer.*

By *Al Jolson*

WHY it took me so long to get into the movies, is no secret. I was afraid of the camera. I always felt perfectly at ease when I could use my voice—that's why I liked the stage. But the thought of going through motions silently frightened me—I still don't know why. I tried it once and found that as soon as the camera started to grind, I lost a hold on myself. I felt ever so far away from my audience because they couldn't hear me.

The Vitaphone has eliminated all that for me—and now when I stand before the camera and know that my voice can be heard, I feel that I am on the stage, with not a few hundred people hearing me, but a few million. And to an actor that is the greatest incentive. If he sees a few people in his audience, he is discouraged before he begins. But when there are millions, well, that's a different thing.



Here is a sound wave photographed. It looks something like a streak of lightning striking Hollywood.

—o—

The beautiful lady from Mexico stepped from society to the screen and found fame within a year.

By *Dolores del Rio*

AFTER years of struggle there has been founded a form of entertainment called the silent drama, which is now perfected to a point that laughter, tears, comedy, and drama are produced. This was entirely apart from the speaking stage. Now when the voice is injected it destroys the realism of the pictures and no instrument can ever register the voice in its absolute natural condition. Again, how can talking pictures be released in the various foreign countries without making them in separate language? In my opinion talking pictures will never supplant the silent drama but as a novelty will be bound to interest temporarily, as do all novelties, good or bad. Personally, I feel there is still sufficient improvement to be made in silent drama without going into the talking pictures angle.

—o—

Ronald Colman's experience as an actor on the English stage and later on Broadway qualified him for his place in the Kleigs.

¶ Anita Page asks and President R. B. Von Kleinsmid and Dean Ray K. Immel of the University of Southern California explain the sound record. The sound vibrations of your voice strike the microphone diaphragm and cause an electric current to oscillate and to vibrate a tiny mirror.

¶ The photo in your hand is the record of diaphragm motions hence a record of your voice. The higher partials which make the voice rich and beautiful are the little jogs in the bigger wave. Caruso had 40 frequencies or partials in his voice.

By *Ronald Colman*

I AM inclined to think that the final result of talking pictures will be their use as an incidental dramatic device in films the major portion of which will be made according to silent drama technique. Right now the public are interested in the novelty of all-talking pictures but whether they will enjoy them so much when the novelty is worn off is a question which certainly I don't feel I can decide. So many wonderful things have happened in this century that it is quite possible the complete talkies may some day dominate the field. My present opinion is that they will not. We will have a certain proportion of all talking pictures made from stories peculiarly adapted to the all-talkie form—but I think they will remain a comparatively small fraction of the whole film output.

The question of musical accompaniment and sound effects is another matter. I think this phase has been developed to perfection and the development will help materially every picture being made.

Perhaps my views on this whole subject are best illustrated by my (*Con. on page* 81)

Hollywood PARTY

—till the sun comes up

¶ *Reginald Denny and his fiancee, Betsy Lee.*

¶ *Ethel Jackson photographed at the Chinatown party beside the wise old gilded Buddha who is breaking into the movies.*

"BEING merely an immigration party," remarked Patsy, "I don't suppose that there will be any Russian Dukes or Italian Counts or such, but I'll just bet that immigration or no immigration complex to the party, there will be a lot of aristocrats of the stage there."

Patsy was talking about the Immigration Party to which we were proceeding. It was being given by Robert Edeson, at his home, and was sure to be just heaps of fun, especially as Mrs. Edeson is one of the sweetest hostesses in Hollywood.

The Edeson home is on Pinehurst Road, on a hillside, and the street winds with charming irregularity underneath

NIGHTS

over the mountains

By Grace Kingsley

¶ *Gertrude Olmsted and Grant Withers. This is really a movie still. Gertrude's beauty, however, is not the sort that is left behind in the studios and here's how she really looked.*

"I'm supposed to have come from the lost Island of Atlantis, and this is the Western Costume Company's idea of what they wore," Miss Jensen laughingly assured us. "I should really call myself Freedom of the Knees."

Edmund Breese was simply resplendent as a Scotch Highlander. He had

(Cont. on page 96)

ancient pepper, eucalyptus and oak trees that nearly hide the houses. But from Bob Edeson's big front windows the light gleamed cheerfully forth.

We found our host clad as the skipper of the ship, and his wife was made up as a South American Senora, which she is.

The house is built in a fascinating manner with all the floors on different and receding levels, so that, from the large living-room below, you ascend by a few steps to another living-room just back of it and higher up. You can look right down through a grille, over a sort of balustrade, into the living-room below. There is a wide fireplace in the upper living-room, with many vast chairs and sofas, and the bedrooms are on still a third level, above, farther back. Up there is Bob Edeson's studio, too, where he paints when he isn't working in pictures.

We found Julia Dean and Eulalie Jensen there already, Miss Dean wearing a bright costume, kerchief, boots, wide skirts and all, and when we asked her what nation she was supposed to have immigrated from, she said she thought the Baltic States would about cover it!

Eulalie Jensen wore rather a surprising costume, beginning as an evening dress around the neck and bodice and running off into wide Turkish trousers at the bottom. Being made of beaded pink georgette it had the effect of evening dress if you didn't observe the trousers.

¶ *Richard Barthelmess brought his new and beautiful pal and critic.*

PITY *a* POOR

¶ Many Players have given a Thought and Kept a Dollar for the Morrow.

¶ Leatrice Joy works when she wishes. She has her home, her baby, and money in the bank.

DROP five thousand dollars a week into the lap of a fellow who only last year was a window-washer in the Crystal Palace or a girl who was a devilled-egg stuffer in a cafeteria, the result is likely to be ridiculous or tragic—ridiculous while the money lasts, and tragic when it ends. We have had a few such spectacles in Movieland and their colorful exploitation has caused a jealous citizenry to snort indignantly: "Bah, the movies!"

This phenomenon, however, is not peculiar to the land of silver screens and golden garter buckles—if any. Every year the Chicago stock-market, Texas oil fields or Boostburg's real estate are blowing human bubbles that start right in to prove the old axiom of a fool and his money. Yet nobody says: "Bah, oil!" or "Isn't that just like a business man!"

¶ Douglas MacLean has a secure popularity—and other securities.

After all, the tales of Hollywood spending are jokes compared to the capers of social headliners throughout the country. I have yet to hear of a 'monkey dinner' in Movieland. Nor have any of our silliest spenders ever given an 'equestrian banquet,' with the guests arriving in the ball room on horse-back. I know of no 'movie maggots' who own racing stables, internationally known diamonds or million dollar steam yachts.

On the other hand, I'll bet there is more downright thrift to be found among the successful stars and executives of Movieland than in any similar group in the world. Take my own town, Beverly Hills, for instance, where most of the successful filmers live. As I sat writing this little SCREENLAND piece under the big acacia tree of our back garden I tried to think who among my friends

¶ Those old wolves—hunger, poverty and unhappiness — howl outside many a Hollywood home.

WORKING GIRL

By Rob Wagner

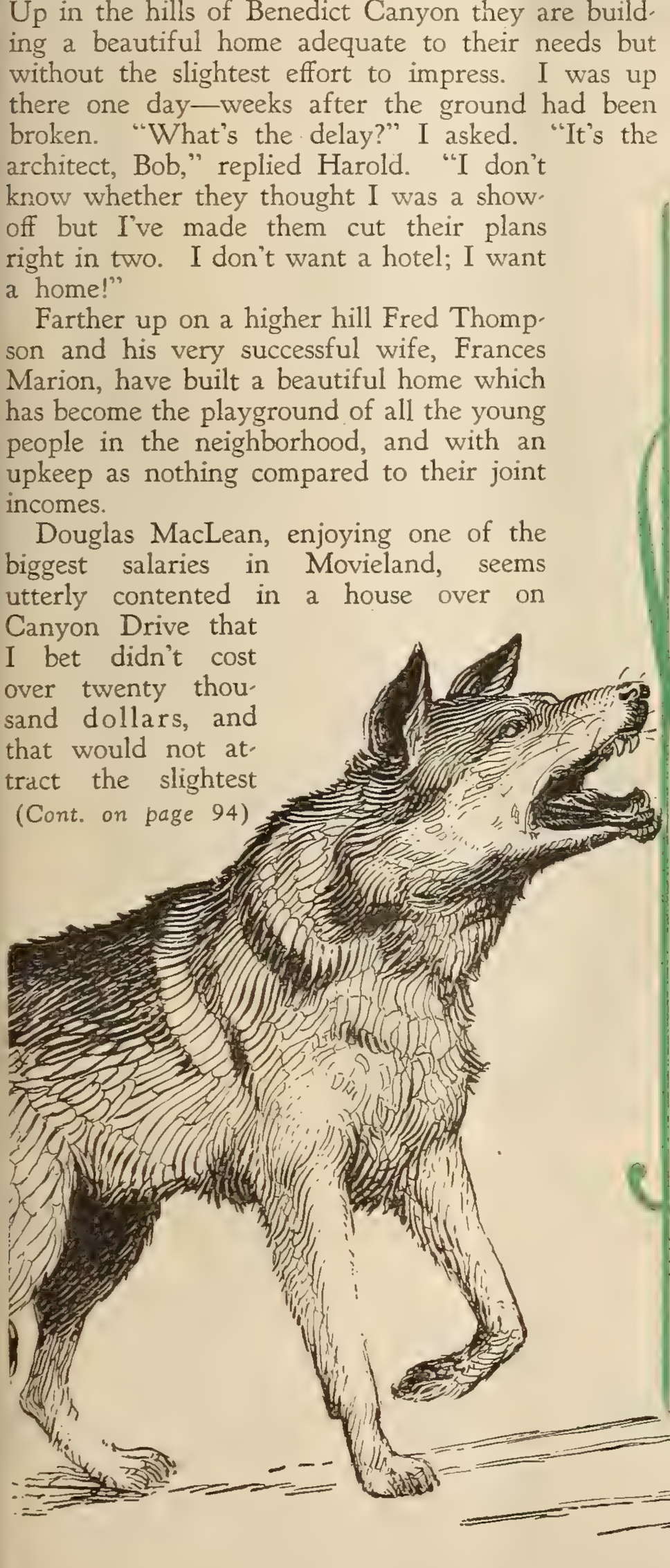
and neighbors could be classed as extravagant spenders.

There's Mildred and Harold Lloyd, for example. Up in the hills of Benedict Canyon they are building a beautiful home adequate to their needs but without the slightest effort to impress. I was up there one day—weeks after the ground had been broken. "What's the delay?" I asked. "It's the architect, Bob," replied Harold. "I don't know whether they thought I was a show-off but I've made them cut their plans right in two. I don't want a hotel; I want a home!"

Farther up on a higher hill Fred Thompson and his very successful wife, Frances Marion, have built a beautiful home which has become the playground of all the young people in the neighborhood, and with an upkeep as nothing compared to their joint incomes.

Douglas MacLean, enjoying one of the biggest salaries in Movieland, seems utterly contented in a house over on Canyon Drive that I bet didn't cost over twenty thousand dollars, and that would not attract the slightest

(Cont. on page 94)



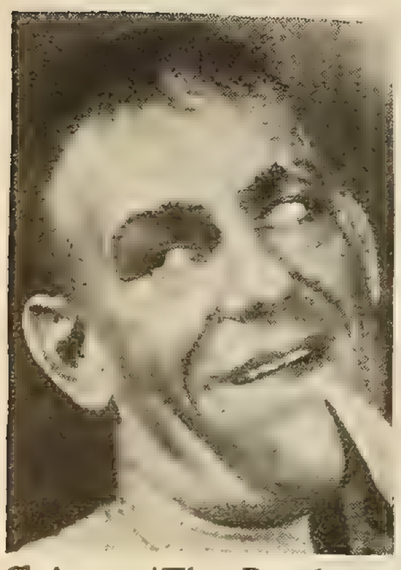
℄ *Beautiful Leatrice Joy is secure from the pack of worries behind the fence she built herself.*

LON CHANEY

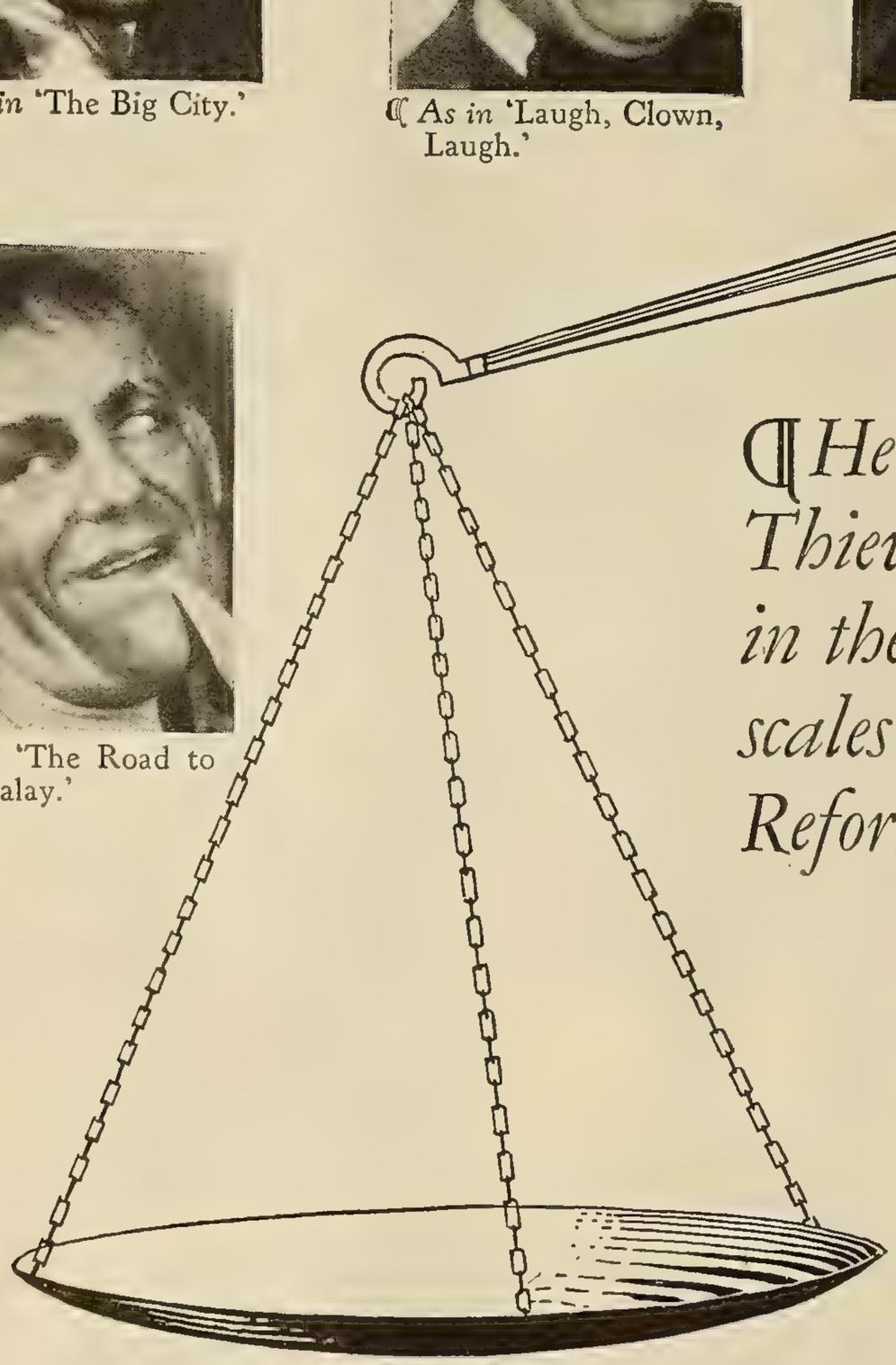
¶ *As in* 'The Big City.'

¶ *As in* 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.'

¶ *As in* 'London After Midnight.'



¶ *As in* 'The Road to Mandalay.'



¶ *He has studied Crooks, Thieves, and Murderers, and in their behalf he defends the scales of Justice from the Reformer.*

¶ *Lon Chaney, the King of Disguise, is off-stage a pleasant gentleman.*

¶ *One of Chaney's most adroit make-ups.*

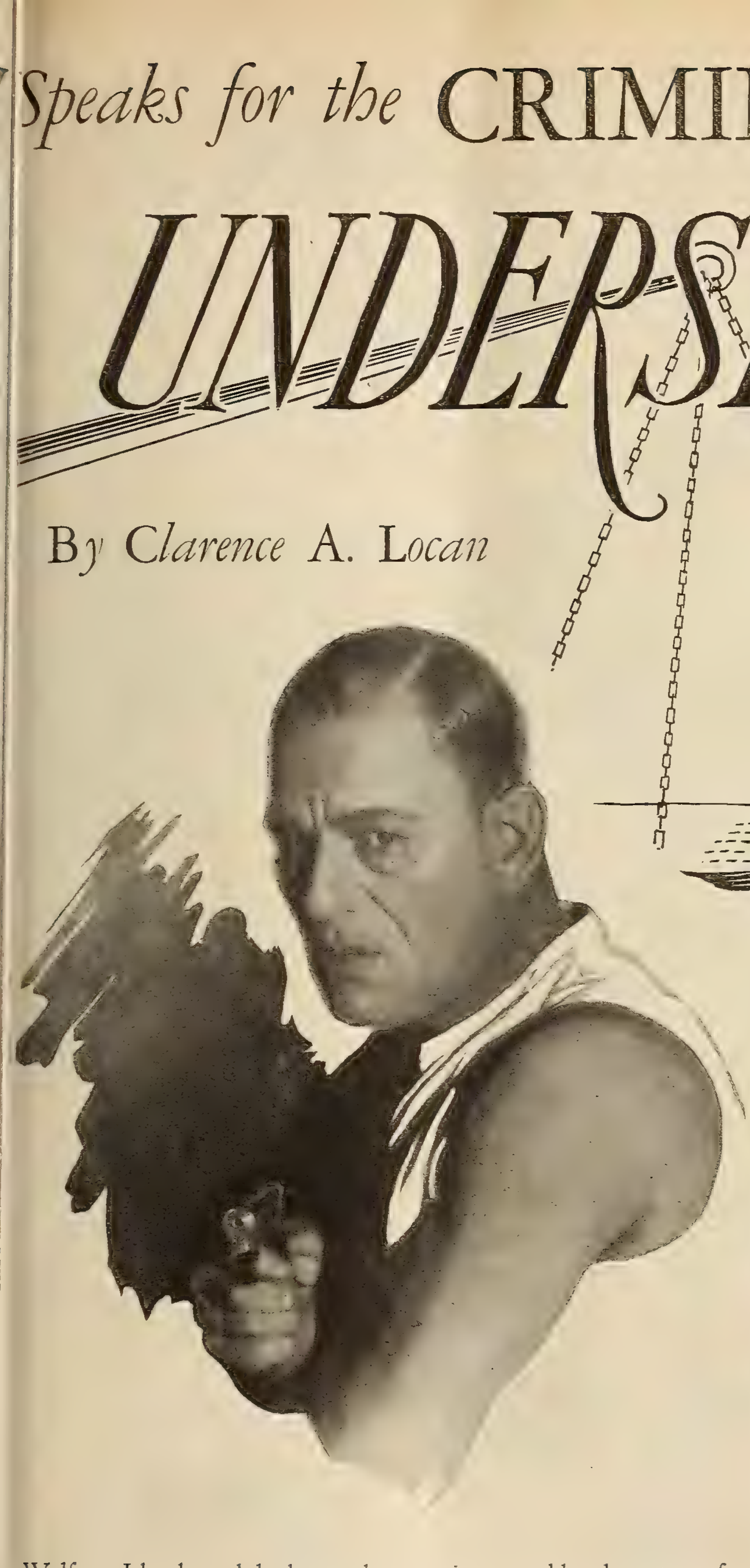
¶ *As in* 'The Unknown.'

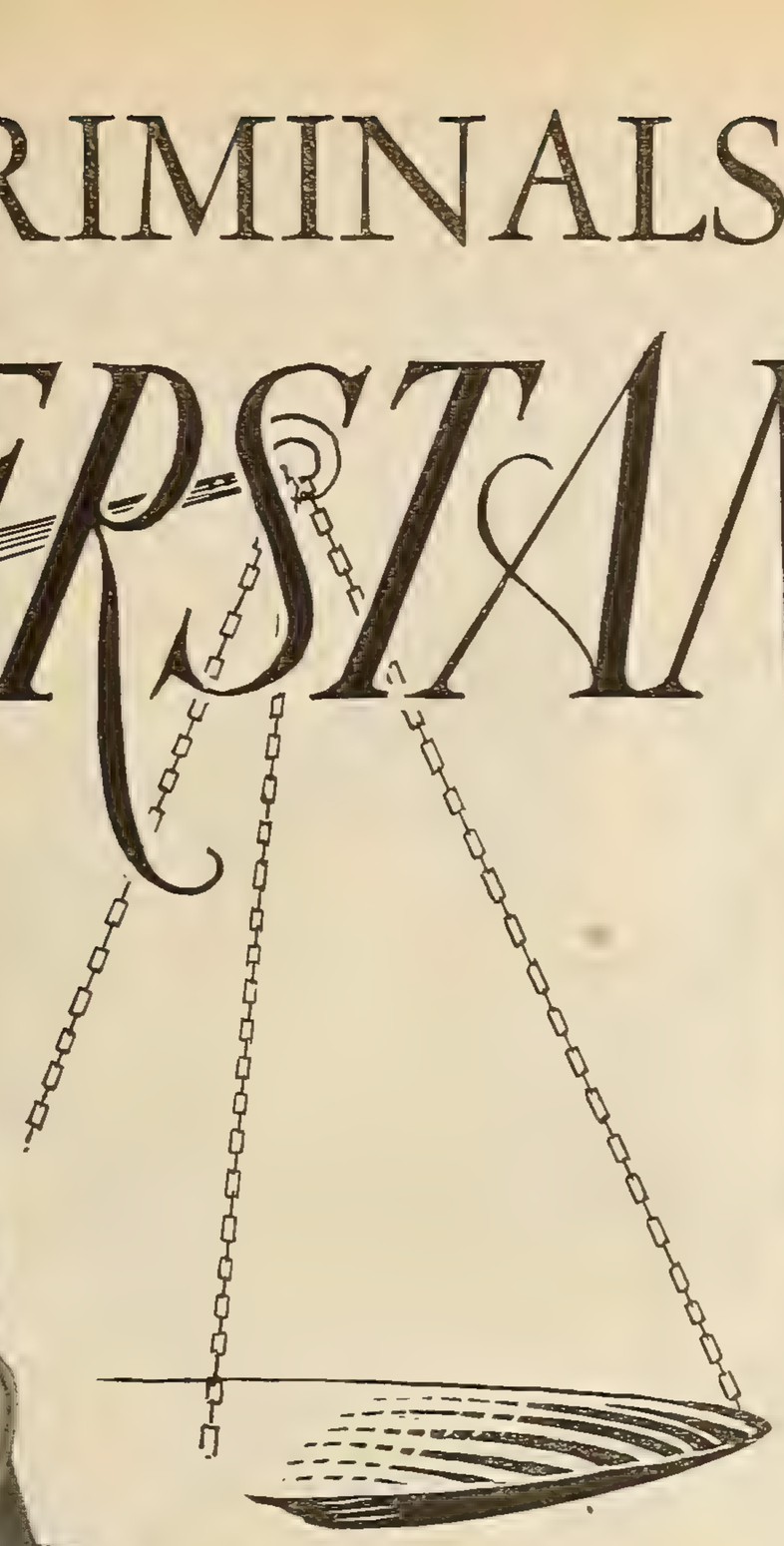
"THE principal difference between those who are behind prison bars and we who are not is this—we just happened to get on the different sides of a sort of moral fence."

Lon Chaney dabbed at a pot of grease-paint in which he was mixing a new color, gauged the blend with one eye closed, and added a few drops of a bright green liquid. We were talking about his New York trip, in his dressing rooms at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, while he was making up for his role as the sinister 'white voodoo' in *West of Zanzibar* Chaney had studied humanity at first hand, in the Tombs, the Night Court, and

Speaks for the CRIMINALS *whom he* UNDERSTANDS

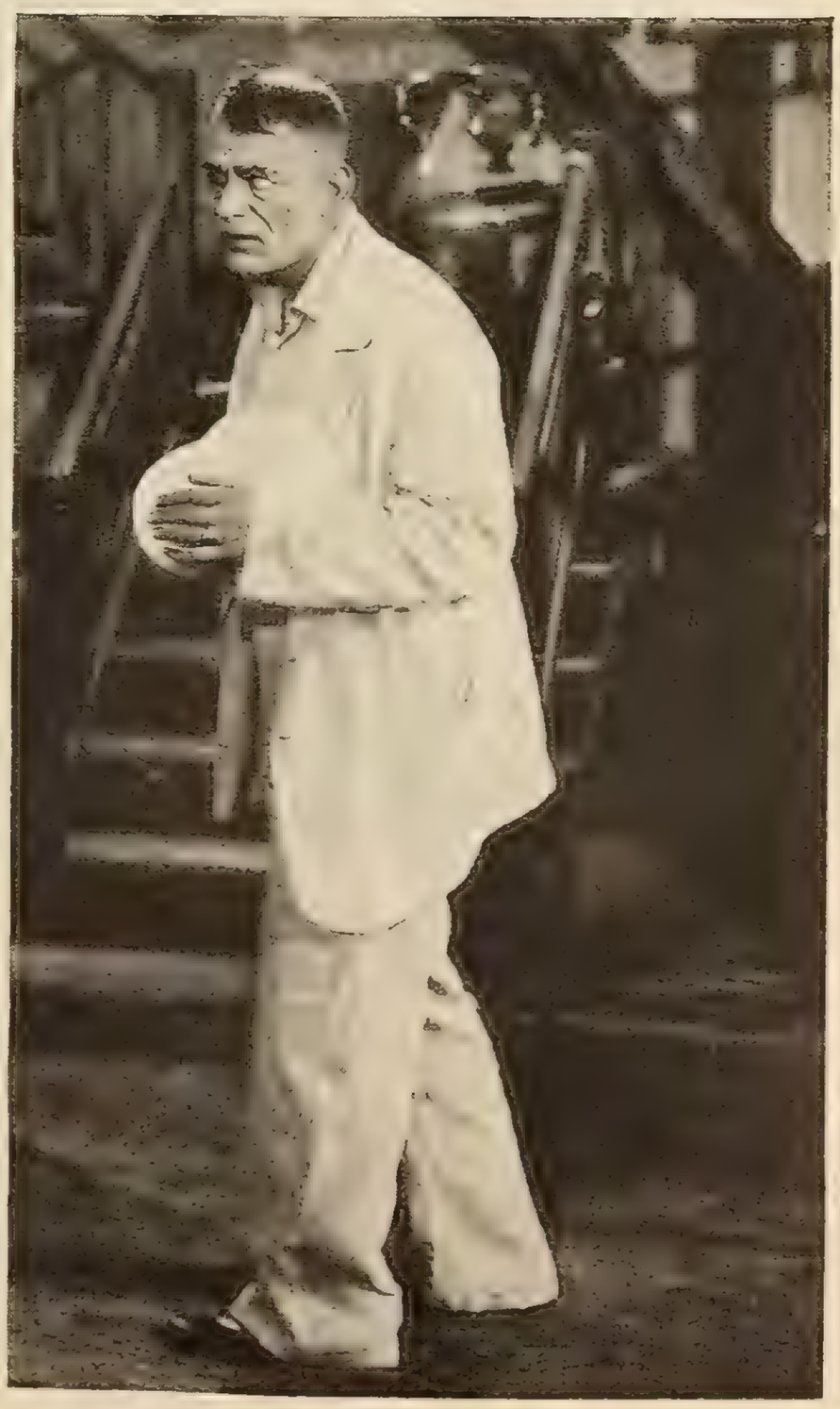
By *Clarence* A. *Locan*





¶ *As in* 'Mr. Wu.'

¶ *The insight that enables Chaney to play a crook so consummately also makes him their champion.*



¶ *Chaney never forgets that the most horrible of his characters is always a human being.*

Welfare Island, and had stored away innumerable characters, for further reference, in the cross-index of his brain. Also, he had stored away a few more ideas to add to his already well-grounded notion of prison reform, which is one of his hobbies.

"Human nature," he continued, as he stirred his make-up, "is a good deal like this pot of grease-paint. We can add a little blue, and turn it to purple, or a little yellow, and turn it to orange—we could add black and make it perfectly dark if we wanted to—but, after all, it would still be the same thing—grease-paint. And I guess this is the principal rule they'll follow when they finally make prison reform something practical!"

"Just what did you see in New York?" I asked him.

(Cont. on page 88)

IN

¶ When the Stars Explore Broadway They Forget Hollywood Blvd.

By Anne Bye

¶ *Lane Chandler and Gary Cooper came to look over our sky-line — and almost overlooked it entirely.*

NEW YORKERS, in case you haven't heard, are all too prone to say that reporters of the wild open spaces, like Harold Bell Wright, are all wrong. Westerners are supposed by effete easterners to be hicks from the hinterland who had better stay where they belong. But New York has changed its mind. Harold Bell is all Wright. Those big he-men he writes about *are* Nature's noblemen, and no mistake.

Ever since Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler landed in town, New York has gone western. These two boys only stayed a few days, but that was enough. If they had stayed longer there might have been an alarming exodus of New Yorkers to the wild and woolly places—at least by the feminine population. Gary and Lane work in pictures for a living. But they are not movie actors. They are men.

Both blond and blue-eyed; both about six feet four; both handsome. And, what's even more exciting, both nice, honest, modest boys. Gary is already a star, and Lane is on his way to stardom, and travelling light and fast; but there are no signs of stardom about either. They were both born in Montana, and rode the range. They started on the screen as cowboys but they

¶ *How a famous character actor looks minus make-up — meet Raymond Hatton on vacation.*

New York

Princess Pola sailed away with her prince to her beloved Europe.

Let's include a little Scandinavian—Greta Nissen, who is soon to star in a Broadway play.

were so good the company promoted them to bigger and better things—if possible. From the saddle to Louis Quince love-seat; or, from range to drawing-room. And how do the boys like it? Well, they want to make good. They work hard and are in earnest. But once in a while they admit they get fed up with movie acting and would like to chuck it all and go back home to Montana. But they never do and they never will, except for vacations; for pictures have really 'got' them.

Cooper and Chandler play brothers in *The First Kiss,* which they came east—to Maryland—to make. Gary is the hero, opposite Fay Wray. Lane plays a bad boy who later reforms and becomes a minister. Chandler, by the way, is in luck with the talkers coming in. He has a splendid voice. He used to sing in a small way, he says; but you cannot imagine him doing anything in a small way. From his size to his sense of humor he is big.

* * *

Why not include a little Scandinavian? Take a long look at Greta Nissen and try to think up just one good reason why she should not be included. You'll fail to understand why she has never been on that short and select list of famous foreign favorites—Greta Garbo, and Vilma, and Olga, and Pola, and Camilla. Miss Nissen is a Greta of another type, but she is just as exciting in her own way. She has rare charm. She should be one of the leading lights of Hollywood and instead she is rehearsing for a Broadway play. Hollywood needs girls like Greta—not that Broadway doesn't, but why be selfish?

I went uptown to see Greta at her hotel—not one of the swanky ones, either. I waited a while. She had said she might be a little late, what with rehearsing all day long. As I waited I conjured up a vision of what Greta would look like. Of course her imported perfume would precede her into the suite—and of course she would be living in the best suite. She'd be wearing one of those clinging, slinky negligees, and run her ringed hand through her hair, and maybe even sip a little champagne while she toyed with her pearls. Oh, I had it all figured out! And then I saw a little girl coming across the lobby. She was dressed in a correct little dark-blue suit, topped by a saucy tam. She wore low-heeled shoes and no make-up—but somehow I knew it was Greta. "I am zo zorry to be late," she said in a nice, unaffected voice, with just enough accent to be quaint, "but I was zo bee-zy." She said she would take me upstairs only she just had one room and it was crowded with (*Cont. on page* 86)

She BOSSES the STARS

¶ *The Story of Ruth Harriet Louise.*

By *Katherine Albert*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RUTH HARRIET LOUISE—OF COURSE.

¶ *The girl who snaps the stars is pretty enough to be a star herself.*

IF you saw her walking across the lot you'd think that she was a star going from one set to the other. She is as pretty as a star but instead of being one of them she bosses them!

You have seen Ruth Harriet Louise's name almost as often as you've seen Greta Garbo's. It is usually printed in small type under the photographs of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Ruth is the twenty-one-year-old portrait artist, the only woman photographer in the business.

On the top of one of the tallest buildings on the lot is her studio and there she makes the stars look as they really are. There she photographs moods and there she has learned to know the faces as well as the personalities of the screen favorites. Those who work before the movie camera have an innate dislike of the still camera but being photographed by Ruth Harriet Louise is like being photographed by no one else in the world.

¶ *Aileen Pringle, looking regal for Miss Louise and her camera.*

¶ *Joan Crawford is one of the girl photographer's favorite subjects because she responds at once to atmosphere.*

In one corner of her bright little studio is a phonograph. In another corner is a tea set. To photograph a mood she uses music and to allow the sitter to rest and relax she serves tea. But there is a different technique required for photographing and handling each star who comes to her.

"William Haines is the most trying subject I have," she said. "He completely upsets my dignity with such amusing little pranks as setting my focusing cloth on fire and walking out of the picture just when I am lined up on him. I try to play lively music for him and he goes into a big Russian dance and each time I think that the photographs are going to be terrible and each time they turn out well because Billy has so much spontaneity and such a remarkable flair for real acting!

"Every time John Gilbert comes to sit for me he is in a different mood. He hates having his picture taken and sometimes he walks up the steps like a petulant little boy who has something to do like an arithmetic lesson. Then it is my job to kid him out of this (*Cont. on page* 94)

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

FAY WRAY AND GARY COOPER

in

The First Kiss

"And ever the waters flow to the sea
And maids to the arms of their lovers."

ANON

MARTHA SLEEPER is joy-riding to success in *Taxi 13* with Chester Conklin.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

SHE'S collegiate! Rah, Rah, Rah! Mary Brian was a high-school flapper in *Harold Teen;* now she's a co-ed in *Sophomore.*

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

CHARLES FARRELL knows the secret of happiness. He started in the gutters of *Seventh Heaven* and reached a Duke's estate in *The Red Dance.*

Photograph by Autrey

Charles Farrell of the BIG TIME PICTURES

¶ 'Seven Heaven,' 'Street Angel,' 'Fazil' and 'The Red Dance' have all played in 'legit.' houses on Broadway.

CHARLES FARRELL left his home in Onset, Massachusetts, four years ago. A friend with a vaudeville troupe interested him in the sights to be seen with the wandering Thespians, and Farrell developed wanderlust—(the only kind printable).

The company finally arrived in Los Angeles. The prospect of getting $7.50 a day as an extra appealed to Farrell, then nineteen. He decided he liked Los Angeles, the vaudeville troupe moved on, and the need for bed and board became plainly imperative. Also, he was not without hopes of skyrocketing into film success, having heard and read of such sudden good fortune.

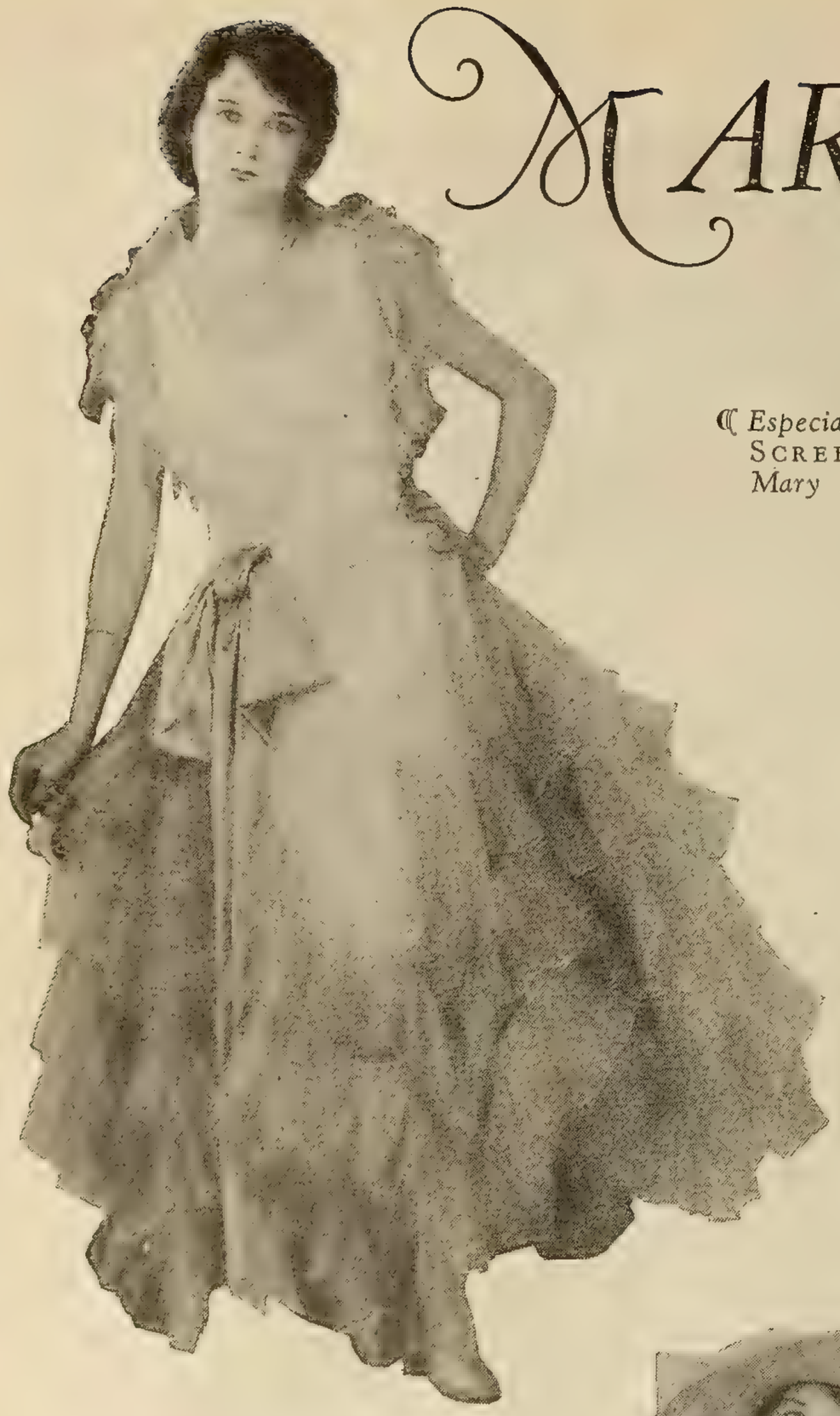
His experience in seeking and finding work was no different from

(*Continued on page 80*)

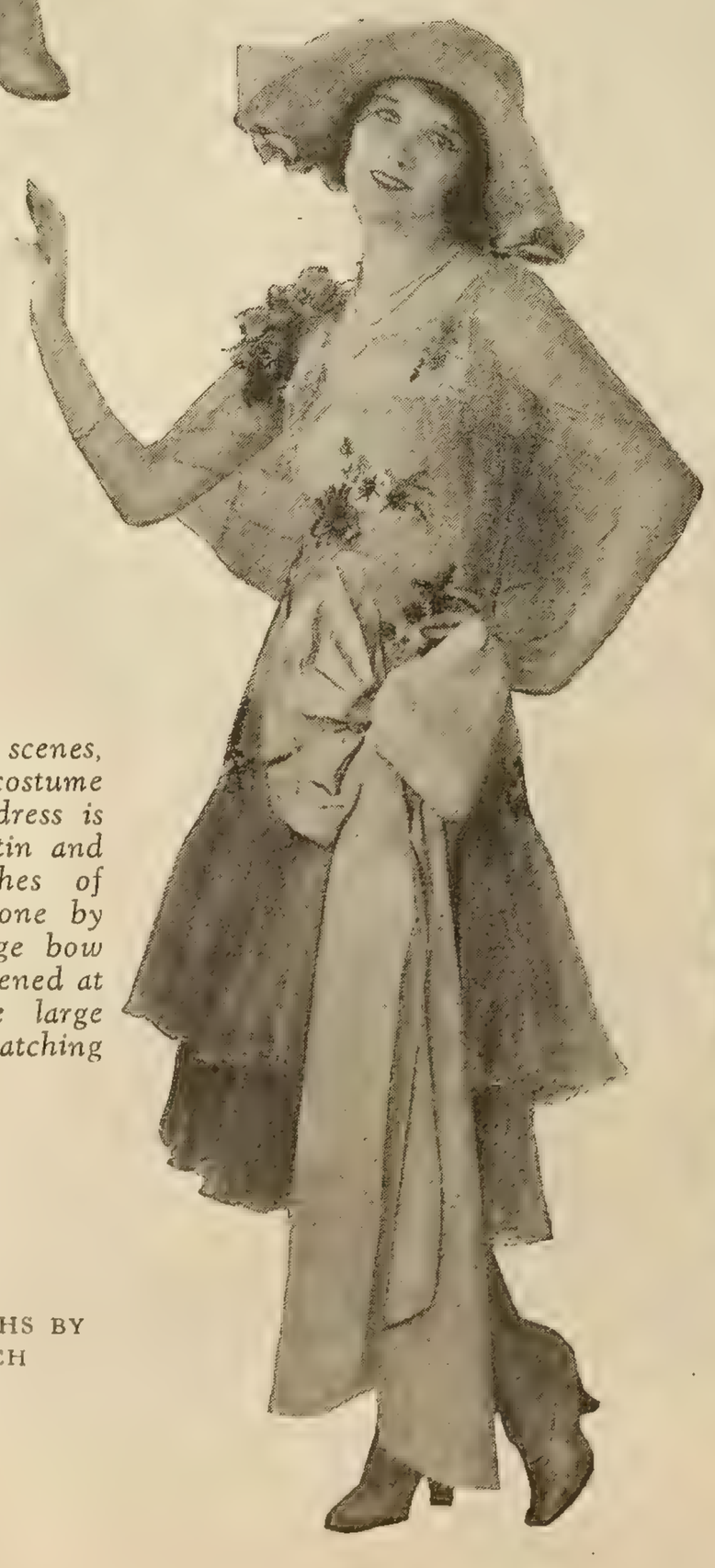
¶ As Eugene, the Grand Duke of 'The Red Dance,' Charles Farrell wears the purple picturesquely.

¶ Dolores del Rio and Charles Farrell when the Grand Duke finds love in the peasant's cottage.

MARY PHILBIN



¶ *Especially posed for* SCREENLAND *by Mary Philbin.*



¶ *The clever extra girl should have at least one evening gown in her wardrobe. This one worn by Miss Philbin is made of apricot satin with ruffles of net edged with silver. The ribbon bow is of green satin and so are the slippers.*

¶ *When the extra girl receives a 'call' for a smart luncheon sequence, she should be ready to step out, like Mary Philbin, in a skirt of plaited metal cloth, topped with a blouse of black crepe trimmed with bands of metal braid in gold and colors.*

¶ *For garden-party scenes, Mary suggests a costume like this. The dress is of royal blue satin and net, with touches of embroidery done by hand and a large bow of deep rose fastened at the waist. The large blue hat has matching flowers.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREULICH

shows the

WARDROBE

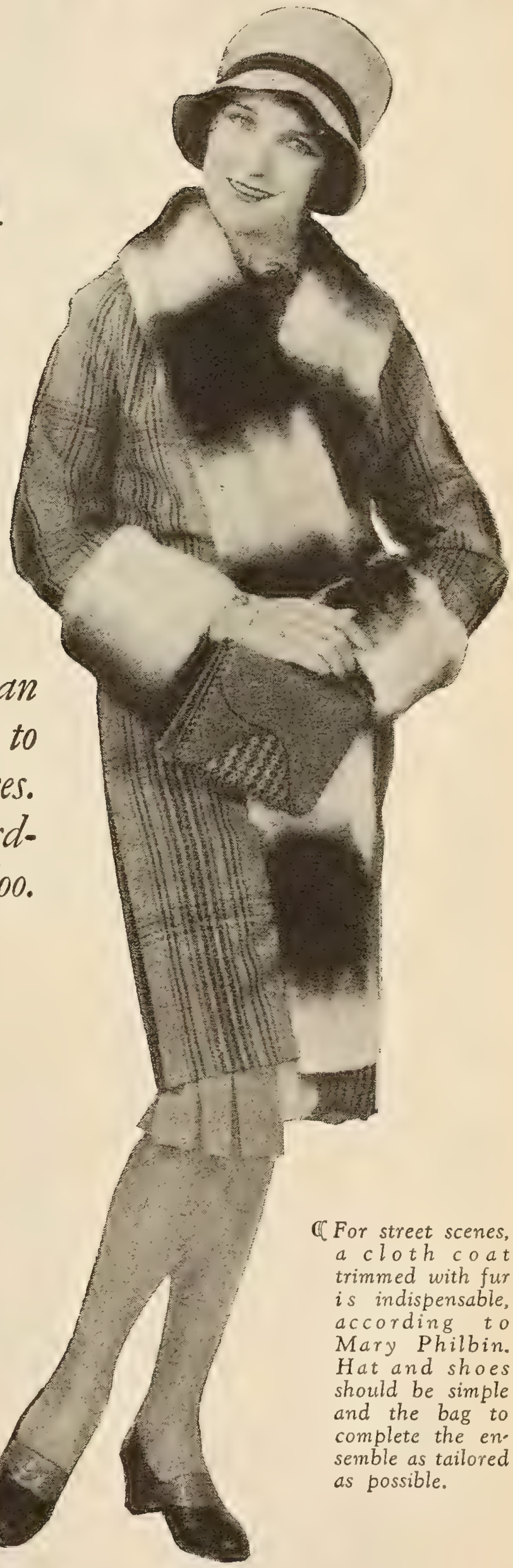
of an

EXTRA

1 2 3 4 5

GIRL

¶ You Need More Than Youth and Beauty to Break into Pictures. A Well-Chosen Wardrobe is Essential, Too.



¶ For street scenes, a cloth coat trimmed with fur is indispensable, according to Mary Philbin. Hat and shoes should be simple and the bag to complete the ensemble as tailored as possible.

¶ A period costume is a good suggestion for the extra girl who believes in 'Preparedness.' There is a great demand for girls who own crinolines. This dress is Mary Philbin's choice—of simple print, inexpensive but pretty.

ANY girl who hopes to make her way into the motion picture studios must have the right clothes, for usually the extra girl must furnish her own. It occurred to Mary Philbin that her own experience, in the days before stardom came, would be valuable to girls just stepping on the first rung of the ladder. Mary is practical. She knows that extra girls must count their pennies. She also knows clothes and how to wear them. So after thinking it over she decided that five costumes would solve the problem and answer the needs of the girl who is starting out in pictures.

Whether you are an aspirant to screen honors, or a girl in the business world, or even if you stay at home and have time to make your own clothes, you will profit by Mary Philbin's own little style show!

A NEW FEATURE *that you will* LIKE

"Off On LOCATION"

¶ The Picture Companies Camped on Mountain, Desert, and Seashore Live Lives of Artistic Freedom. Their Personalities "On Location" Come Out and Play.

By Helen Ludlam

Screenland's Location Lady

¶ Vilma Banky, now a star making "The Awakening."

TING-A-LING-A-LING! went my telephone at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. 'Gosh darn it,' I muttered wearily struggling out of bed to answer it, for I had spent the previous day in the ocean with Patsy Ruth Miller, and what the Pacific waves can't do to a swimmer out of practice is nobody's business.

"How would you like to go to the Sherwood Forest location today?" asked a brisk, cheerful voice that I recognized as Barrett Kiesling's, director of publicity for Samuel Goldwyn.

In a moment my weariness was forgotten, for if there is one thing that appeals to me more than another it is to trail a company location. It is just great fun.

"When do we start? I can be ready in half an hour."

"Fine. I'll pick you up then."

Getting to location isn't always so good but this was a gorgeous fifty-mile drive along the road to San Francisco, through orange groves and the largest walnut grove in the world—so the sign said, and by the look of the grove I wouldn't be at all surprised if they spoke the truth.

We spun along at forty-five an hour and in good time arrived at Sherwood Forest where the chuck wagon had been stationed for a week or ten days ministering to the wants of *The Awakening* company. This picture is of especial interest because it is Vilma Banky's first since her professional parting with Ronald Colman. Walter Byron, a young English actor, is Ronald's lucky successor and Victor Fleming is the director.

They were in the midst of a scene when we arrived so we stood watching them. The story is laid in Alsace-Lorraine about the period of the late war—but it isn't a war picture. This particular scene had to do with a haunted house, and there it was, shabby thatched roof; broken windows; sagging doors; a wilderness for a

¶ Vilma Banky's wedding anniversary in Sherwood Forest, with Walter Byron, her leading man, Louis Wolheim behind Vilma's hand, and Helen Ludlam next. Across the table are, at left, Director Victor Fleming and William K. Howard, a visiting director, behind him. Rod La Rocque was on another location and couldn't come.

¶ *Frank Lloyd took his company to Catalina to make* 'The Divine Lady' *with many a broadside.*

¶ *Corinne Griffith and Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton in* 'The Divine Lady.'

garden, and a straggling, broken fence with a gate half off its hinges. It had traces of some black substance sticking to it. Vilma, who for sheer loveliness hasn't an equal on the screen to my mind, was dressed in a colorful peasant's costume, and Walter Byron, who was with her, wore an officer's uniform.

The officer, laughing, tried to enter the garden. Vilma pulled him back, her eyes wide with fear, her beautiful, sensitive mouth trembling with emotion.

"What's it all about?" I asked Henry Hathaway, chief assistant.

The story ran that a girl had lived in that house years before who had given herself to the man she loved out of wedlock, and in that little village when a girl did that and it was found out, she was so ostracized by society who poured pitch over her door as a warning to all to keep away. It was a cruel custom and resulted in many tragedies. In this case the girl, laughed at by the man she would have died to save from pain, scorned by the villagers and spurned by her parents, found nothing but death facing her. Since then the house (*Con. on page* 78)

¶ *Varconi, Jean McNaughton, script clerk, Frank Lloyd, director, and Bob Freeland, the studio news-boy who is playing the part of Nelson's powder-monkey.*

¶ *Waiting on the dock for the sun to arrive: H. B. Warner and Betty Danko, who is Corinne Griffith's 'stand-in.'*

DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS

¶ I'll tell the world it is a world-beater

TELLING *the* WORLD

¶ *You Tell 'Em, Bill!*

¶ There is an art called Motion Pictures. It does not need sound any more than McCormack singing 'Mother Machree' needs lantern slides. This complete and perfect art appears this month in the spread-of-the-news sequence in 'Telling the World.' *Thanks, Sam Wood.*

THE EDITOR.

¶ Anita Page is a treat as Bill Haines' heroine in 'Telling the World.'

THE 'I' Boy comes back with a picture called *Telling the World*—and I'll tell the world it is a world-beater. Oh, I know it is supposed to be just a program picture—not scheduled as a special or anything important like that. But as far as I am concerned it is an epic. It is the most charming romance since *Seventh Heaven*. It is real and clean and sweet. It no sooner works up a good big lump in your throat than it chases it away to make room for an equally big laugh. It presents in the most delicate manner possible all the beauty and pathos of very young love. And no matter what you cynics may say there is nothing as nice as very young love—when it grows up it isn't nearly so nice, unless it's Greta Garbo.

Billy Haines isn't as smart-aleck as usual. He lets a little slip of a girl make him—ashamed of himself. She thinks he is the most wonderful man in the world—and he has to make good. When he first met her his intentions were not so good. But because she believes in him he just naturally makes the grade. He has to go to China to do it, but travel is so broadening. *Telling the World* starts out snappily and keeps up the pace. From the minute you meet Haines as a rich man's disinherited son trying to land as a newspaper reporter—and being handed the job of interviewing his own crochety father on 'Why I Kicked My Son Out,' you know you will have a grand time. And now I have a little surprise for you. Here's the newest picture girl—and she's a treat. You're going to fall for Anita Page as hard as Haines does in the picture, only it won't take you as long as it did him. Anita is so young and fresh and pretty and radiant you can't believe she is actually a movie actress in a studio working at a director's orders. She might have wandered in from some girls' select seminary on a lark. May she never grow up. Sam Wood has directed—and if the Germans had thought of some of the tricks which tell the world how news is made and conveyed through a series of interesting dissolves, everybody would cheer. Made in Hollywood, the stuff is just as smart, and I am going to start the cheering now. I enjoyed *Telling the World* so much that I insist you see it. It has Haines in a new mood. It has Anita. It is guaranteed to make you feel as young and spry as these two beautiful youngsters.

¶ *Seeing this is almost as good as a vacation*

WHITE SHADOWS *in the* SOUTH SEAS

¶ *Hula Whoopee!*

¶ *Monte Blue gives a strong, honest, untrammeled performance in* 'White Shadows in the South Seas.'

SEEING *White Shadows in the South Seas* is almost as good as a vacation. So if you haven't had yours yet, go to see the picture and save money. Here are sun-kissed south-sea isles, graceful natives, sparkling waters, bevies of brown Gildas gambolling beneath the bread-fruit trees—all for the modest price of one movie ticket—much less painful than sun-burn, for instance.

This picturization of Paradise is so charming that only after you've seen it through and thought it all over are you conscious that you've been watching a most effective pictorial sermon on the evils of native exploitation by the white man. For *White Shadows* is no mere hula on the sands of time. It's a potent pill—sugar-coated, but strong. After you have swallowed it, you will want to go native, like Monte Blue. He plays a derelict doctor, embittered by the devastating influence of the sinister white shadow cast across the south seas. A shipwreck hurls him upon a virgin isle as yet untainted by the white influence. There he finds happiness, in a Garden of Eden which includes his own special Eve—until the White Shadow walks again, and he gives his life in a futile attempt to spike it. Monte Blue left Hollywood far behind when he played this doctor. He has long hair, a beard, and an Alfred Cheney Johnston shirt—and he gives a free, strong, honest and untrammeled performance. Here is no immaculate actor, but a man who makes you believe in him, all the way. The Spirit of Polynesia is interpreted by Raquel Torres, Mexico's latest little present to pictures. She's very young and pretty. There are native dancers, and an educational insight into the pearl-diving industry, and—but you're not listening!

¶ *Our Menace turns hero on us and interest is lost*

The STREET *of* SIN

¶ *One-Way Street*

EVERYBODY loves a bad man. So when Emil Jannings as Basher Bill, terror of Limehouse, reformed into a good, self-sacrificing hero, *The Street of Sin,* which had been crooked, suddenly went straight—and slumped. Where was our Menace? He had turned hero on us, and interest was lost. It was as the tough-and-ready Limehouse Nightmare that Emil excelled. He was splendid, beating up Baclanova and leering at Fay Wray. And then he took the Salvation Army lassie's sermons seriously—and began to wash babies, and turn the other cheek. And all of us sober, self-respecting, church-going folks in the audience sighed for the good old days, when Emil was the bad boy of the screen. Certainly, it was the thing to do, having him reform. But it wasn't much fun. Jannings seemed to me quite as good as usual in this picture. But even the great Emil needs a story. Fay Wray is exceptionally good in an insipid role. Although directed by Mauritz Stiller, *The Street of Sin* had studio signposts on every corner, once Emil went straight. Let that be a lesson to you!

¶ *This is not a picture about extra girls*

¶ *Clara Bow as the gun-moll and Richard Arlen as her boy-friend in* 'Ladies of the Mob.'

The LADIES *of the* MOB

¶ *Girlie, Get Your Gun!*

THIS is not a picture about extra girls. *Ladies of the Mob* refers to the girl-friends of the underworld boys, who do a little shooting on their own now and then, just to keep things lively. But they are nice girls, all the same—especially Yvonne, who is Clara Bow's little contribution to the short and simple annals of crookdom. She is in love with Richard Arlen—like so many other girls—and she makes him promise he will leave the racket as soon as he makes one more haul. Like one more drink, it only leads to another—until Clara and Richard find themselves fighting alone against society, 'shooting it out.' You'll have to see the picture to find out who wins.

Clara had to play a crook to do a little honest acting. Trust Clara to do her job expertly—she steals all your sympathy and runs away with your emotions as the two-gun moll who goes through fire, water, and a cordon of cops for her man. Richard Arlen is just as good as the lad with light fingers who loves Yvonne but loves uneasy money more. In the final scenes you think he has probably reformed. That, I am sure, was the author's intent. But so splendid was Arlen as the young thief that you felt sure he'd evade reform somehow or other and keep right on his cruel, careless way, busting hearts and banks and thumbing his nose at law and order, till the last gun-fight.

¶ *The love scenes make any old Revolution look pretty tame*

The RED *Dance*

¶ *That Revolutionary Rag*

IT seems there was a Revolution in Russia. Hollywood heard about it—and here you have *The Red Dance*. The California version differs from the Russian version, reviewed elsewhere. It is a spectacle, with glimpses of imperial court carryings-on, a sinister monk, downtrodden prisoners, champagne parties, a beautiful peasant girl, and a handsome Grand Duke. Raoul Walsh has done his darnedest to make the Russian Revolution as exciting as *What Price Glory?* He enlisted the aid of Charles Farrell, Dolores del Rio, and a brawny gentleman programmed as Ivan Linow, who plays one of those Beery-McLaglen bums to the amusement of all. He begins as a villain, carries on comically, and ends a hero. Ivan is the hit of the show as the big, clumsy Russian bear. Charles Farrell, the typical nice American youth, plays the Grand Duke, while the patrician del Rio plays the peasant whom he loves. At first she is devoted exclusively to the Revolution, but such is Mr. Farrell's charm—especially when he wrinkles that engaging forehead—that later on she says: "Love is a woman's only cause!" Cheers! Nobody is in the least surprised when, after appropriate bloodshed and political skirmishes, the two lovers leave new Russia flat—and the audience in a quandary as to whether the Duke and his dancing Duchess are going into vaudeville or the restaurant business. Well, *The Red Dance* may not be handed down to an anxious posterity as the last word on the Russian Revolution but it does show a perfectly dandy bear-skin love scene between Dolores and Charlie—which makes any old Revolution look pretty tame.

¶ *It will bring out the fans, all right*

The COSSACKS

¶ *Hotsky-Totsky*

HOT? *The Cossacks* simply sizzles. John Gilbert is in it. As if he weren't enough, there's lovely Renee Adoree; and handsome Nils Asther; and Ernest Torrence. Not only that—but the masculine members of the cast are all equipped with high fur hats. My dears, *The Cossacks* will burn you up—especially on a warm evening.

It's a slice of rich, red meat. Russia under the Tsars is the colorful setting. The Cossacks, those ridin' fools, are featured—real ones, too. And Tom Mix and Tony and Fred Thomson and Silver King had better watch out. The riding in this one beats any western I ever saw. Gilbert plays the only son of Ivan, the terrible terror to Turks—Mr. Torrence. Our hero's name is Lukashka, but he will always be just Jack to me. He loves Maryana—little Renee; but she won't have him until he has killed his quota of Turks. That's easy. He rides away and comes back with a string of scalps. But meanwhile Nils Asther as a Prince of Moscow has appeared and laid siege to Maryana's peasant heart. He complicates things somewhat, though not for long. What a Cossack wants he takes. And Jack as the chief Cossack grabs his girl and rides off with her. Gilbert enjoys his role. He plays with inimitable dash and charm. After all, there is only one Gilbert. And he is equal to an army of other actors. If you like fighting and killing and riding and loving in the grand manner, *The Cossacks* should thrill you. It will bring out the fans, all right.

¶ *There is only one John Gilbert and he plays with dash and charm in* 'The Cossacks.'

¶ *The latest series of movie murders—a grand collection*

DRAGNET

¶ *Murder—Police!*

THE underworld is sitting on top of the world these days. Nothing is too good for it. The best directors—like von Sternberg; the finest actors—like Bancroft and Brent and Powell and Fenton; and the best audiences—look us over. Try to keep the crowds away from the deep and dirty doings. Thrills—kills—chills. All the girls are getting crime-waves.

Dragnet is the latest series of movie murders—a grand collection, too. George Bancroft impersonates a captain of police whose business—and pleasure—it is to clean up the gangs. He rounds up all the crooks, including Evelyn Brent. Of course he falls for Evelyn—she is looking awfully well this season; and she falls for him, and that starts something. The King of the Underworld—William Powell—spurned for a mere police captain, vows vengeance, and hell hath no fury like Bill Powell scorned. He is the ideal master-mind, isn't he—suave prince of darkness who incites underlings to violent deeds but never soils his own white hands—he wears kid gloves. When he loves a gal he means it. So he 'frames' George, who takes to drink, and everything goes blooey. Then Evelyn takes a hand, and when this little girl takes a hand she gets one. *Dragnet* is another *Underworld*, which means it is worth your shivers.

¶ *A great, big personal triumph for Lionel Barrymore*

The LION and the MOUSE

¶ *Stop, Look, and Listen!*

THE first of the Talkers is a great, big personal triumph for Lionel Barrymore. *The Lion and the Mouse* brings a Barrymore voice to the silent drama. If all actors had voices like the Barrymores we would be all for the Talkers. As a tight-fisted and hard-hearted Wall Street magnate in this picturization of Charles Klein's old play, Lionel Barrymore is just grand. In case you are all prepared to hear a lion roar and a mouse squeak I'll have to tell you right off it isn't an animal picture. The Lion is Ready-Money Ryder—Mr. Barrymore. The Mouse is Shirley Rossmore (May McAvoy), daughter of Judge Rossmore, suh—Alec B. Francis. You know the fable, of course. What, you don't know the fable? Why, it seems that a big old Lion was in difficulties and couldn't get himself out, and—er—why, then a teeny little Mouse came along and helped him. There! Now you know the story. Ryder, having ruined his old pal Rossmore, is made to eat his words in Vitaphone. At intervals, then, *The Lion and the Mouse* turns completely talkie, with the four principals in the cast finding their voices. May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr., supply the love interest; Mr. Francis is an amiable as usual—but it is Barrymore who steals the picture, with his picturesque pronunciation of 'Pacific oil.' Old-fashioned as to plot, nevertheless *The Lion and the Mouse* should be seen. Whatever you may think of the crudities of this debutante talker, you must admit she is a novelty. And who wants to be behind the times? Rush right over and pay your respects.

¶ *An important picture in every respect*

THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG

¶ *Russian Percussion*

THE decline and fall of the Russian Empire has been written in motion pictures by the Russians themselves. For the first time in history, a nation has been able to tell its own story in its own words, so that the world may understand. *The End of St. Petersburg* is an important picture in every respect. You should see it if it comes your way. If it doesn't, go out of your way and find it. It's worth the effort. There is no star—in fact, there are only two or three professional actors in the cast of hundreds. But you will never miss pretty close-ups, for you will be watching the rebirth of a nation. You may never see another picture like it, for *The End of St. Petersburg* is not studio fiction; it is life. Director W. J. Pudowkin knows the difference between camera art and camera angles. Some of his scenes are beautiful. Some are distinguished by 'tricky' photography. But all show imagination. Sub-titles are scarcely necessary, although those included, by the American film editor, Donald Weston Bartlett, are just right. No matter what your political convictions may be, you can enjoy this picture as one of the few film masterpieces.

A peasant's wife dies. He leaves his farm for the city where, through his ignorance, he becomes a tool of the capitalists. Awakened, he plays his small part in the great rebellion. It is not his story that is told, but the story of all Russian peasants and workers. The gentleman who plays the peasant—Alexis Davos—is amazing. He *is* that peasant. Katrina Kaja, Paul Petroff and Natan Golow are also fine. But this is an impersonal picture. You may not remember the characters but you do carry away the conviction that you have seen something of the real Russian spirit.

¶ *All very silly but somehow entertaining*

His TIGER *Lady*

¶ *The Lady---*
or The Tiger?

REMEMBER Frank Stockton's story about the Lady or the Tiger? Well, this picture is nothing like it. It's an Adolphe Menjou picture. Go to see it in the mood that you read fairy-tales in and you won't be disappointed. What, you don't read fairy-tales? Why, you big rough-neck. I suppose you sit reading Boccaccio instead. Did you ever read the one about —but that *is* another story, isn't it? *His Tiger Lady* is fantastic romance. But who wants to see reality unreeled all the time? Anyone who sneers at the highly improbable will never have it happen to him. When I go in to see Menjou, I leave care and criticism behind. He brings back the mood of the high-school crush on the home-town stock-company leading man. He recalls faded newspaper clippings and pansies pressed in novels. He is as unreal as he can be, and that's why I like him. No man in real life ever looked at women so inscrutably—least of all Adolphe Menjou. Anyway, here he is playing a 'super,' or extra, at a Paris theatre—costumed as a Maharajah. but the minute he takes off the trappings he becomes a quiet, uninteresting little man. Except when he thinks of the Duchess—a beauty who sits watching the show every night, just to see the tiger act. He dreams of meeting her, and in a burst of courage one night he wears his Maharajah suit right out of the theatre and follows her home. She takes him almost seriously and promises her love if he will enter the tiger's cage and prove his courage. He does —and it is all very silly but somehow entertaining. The ending is out of place—so is the whole picture, for that matter. But there is Adolphe. And there is Evelyn Brent, in slinky gowns and tricky caps, though the illusion of lure she presents is not dependent upon the trimmings. Evelyn's eyes take care of that.

¶ *Introducing Mr. and Mrs. of Arabia Deserta*

FAZIL

¶ *Harem-Scarem*

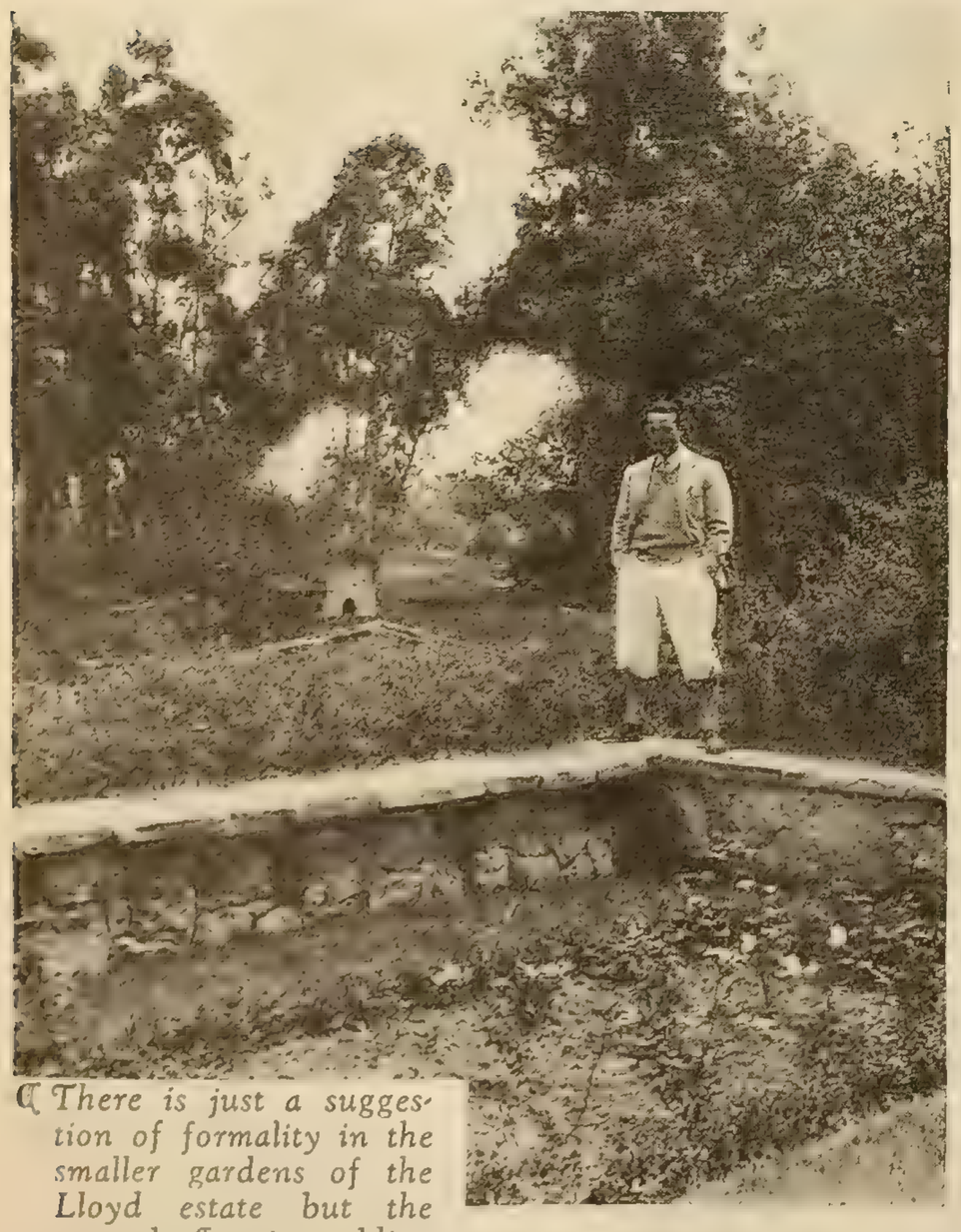
DON'T ask me how to pronounce this. Maybe it's Facial, and that makes it a clean picture, which it is, though it tries hard not to be. *Fazil* introduces Mr. and Mrs. Arabia Deserta, who aren't very much different from Mr. and Mrs. of Fort Wayne, Indiana, in that they love and fight and she wishes she'd never married him and he wishes he had another wife—and that's where he makes his mistake—he tells her. After that, what home-life they had left is all broken up. There is a sub-title about 'The wings of a bird beating against the bars of fate,' leading you to believe that Missus has stood about all she can stand and is on the point of leaving the harem and going home to that dear Paris. Mister, having decided to go native and take another wife, still doesn't want to lose Wife Number One, probably because he has not yet mastered all the irregular French verbs. Everything in the harem is all upset, and Missus makes it worse by trying to escape. And then, when it is too late, they decide they really love each other after all. *Fazil* could have been a wow; but it lacked that loving touch which makes us take heavy romance seriously instead of snickering at the wrong times. Charles Farrell as Prince Fazil reminded me of a sophomore playing sheik. Why won't they let Charlie be himself? Greta Nissen looked ravishingly lovely as the French girl who married into one of Arabia's best families, but neither she nor Charlie could make the love scenes convincing—somehow their hearts weren't in it.

HAROLD LLOYD'S *NEW HOME*

Laugh that off!

"THE whole house is built around the baby's room," Mildred said with sparkling eyes. And well might they sparkle, for Mildred Davis Lloyd was telling of the unfoldment of a dream that she and Harold have cherished together these many years.

A great deal has been said about the lavish extravagance of film folk and how they waste their money in riotous living. They are



¶ There is just a suggestion of formality in the smaller gardens of the Lloyd estate but the general effect is rambling and picturesque.

¶ Harold Lloyd with Doug Fairbanks and the only dog he puts on—Prince.

¶ *This is the architect's drawing of Harold Lloyd's unfinished home in Beverly Hills, California—the most lavish abode ever built by a screen star.*

By Helen Ludlam

here today in all their glory, but where can you find them tomorrow? You hear of champagne suppers and gin parties, Rolls Royces, Paris gowns—then foreclosure, bankruptcy or suicide.

But of the actor who is also a business man and a provident father you hear very little.

I can tell you about a few, though. I can tell you about a great many, really. There is Wally Beery—fourteen years in pictures and not one cent invested in the business. Holdings in real estate and common stocks provide him with a large and dependable income. Louise Brooks asked Wally in her clear, sweet voice why he kept on working. They were on the *Beggers of Life* set waiting for a call to work but all afternoon Bill Wellman had been taking shot after shot of a scene in which the feature players did not appear. Louise, getting sleepy and

¶ *Harold's up-to-date version of the old oaken bucket.*

¶ *The nine-hole golf course on the Lloyd estate is one of the most interesting ever laid, so the professional golfers say, and almost all the headliners have played over it. A canoe course winds through, providing a water hazard on each hole.*

thinking of all the things she would rather be doing than roasting there in the tent, decided that life was very hard indeed. "Why do you keep on working, Wally?" she repeated. Wally shifted to a more comfortable position in his location chair. "Well, what could I do if I didn't work?" he asked. "I get more fun out of working than anything else I do. It's (Cont. on page 90)

NEW SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed by Rosa Reilly

¶ *Noah Beery is magnificent in* 'Hell-Ship Bronson,' *a grand and salty tale of the sea.*

HELL-SHIP BRONSON

ONCE before I told you that the villains of the screen are walking away with the hero parts and sure enough here comes Noah Beery. Middle-aged, villainous, and all, Beery steps out with a sex appeal that's apt to turn a couple of thousand sixteen-year-olds into sophisticated women of the world over night. For that's what happens when you fall for one of these bold men of the screen.

It's a tale of the sea, and a grand salty atmosphere it has. It's a tale, too, of a lost son, a lonely mother and a misunderstood heroine. But the sea and the son and the women are only details. Beery is the whole picture, and he is magnificent.

Mrs. Wallace Reid plays the part of the lonely mother well. But she was cast by fate for tragedy. There's a tragic look in her eyes that's not acting. That tragedy was sealed in those eyes years ago.

Hell-Ship Bronson was the best picture I saw this month. And the most satisfying. It made me proud to call Noah Beery a countryman. For in this picture he touches moments of genius—real and rare.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF 9413

So many times we hear that hackneyed statement, 'The moving picture industry is just in its infancy,' without realizing at all what it means. But when you see the new short film, *The Life and Death of 9413*, a Hollywood extra, you'll realize that the potentialities of moving pictures haven't even been tapped.

When Richard Wagner produced his first opera, people left the opera house with a feeling of puzzled wonderment; they couldn't grasp the stupendous movements which he had opened to their ears. The writer felt somewhat that way when she saw this new movie. For it was handled so startlingly, so sweepingly, so very impressionistically.

Every boy or girl who cherishes the desire to become a picture player should see this fantastic film. It deals with the soul of a man who is trying to become a screen star, rather than with his body. He comes to Hollywood with a letter of introduction addressed to 'Mr. Almighty.' He is given a place as an extra, and on his forehead a number is branded, 9413. And then the old grind takes up, 'No casting today.' 'No casting today.' These three words motivate his whole life. They get mixed up with his dreams. His dreams of being a *star*. Of being a *success*. They follow him to the very gates of Heaven. He climbs up steps. Only to find himself—like the frog who jumped four feet and fell back six feet—lower than where he started.

This picture, which is said to have cost only $97.50, is a tremendous experiment. Go to see it. Dream of your own future, and dream of the future of pictures. Both are unlimited.

VIOLETTE IMPERIALE

Here's your new friend Raquel Meller in a nice maudlin drama about Empress Eugenie and the sewers of Paris.

According to our recollection, the Empress Eugenie was the wife of Napoleon the third. After the great upheaval of 1870 she went to reside in England until her death. But for film purposes—what does it matter? Sufficient to say, the Empress was about to be assassinated, according to the picture, and her body disposed of in the sewers of Paris! Wholesome ideas those foreigners get!

¶ 'Hello, Cheyenne!' *is a western with plenty of punch supplied by Tom Mix and Tony.*

However, you'll enjoy this film. Meller is entrancing. The costumes and settings are beautifully reproduced. And the entire picture is glamourous and spectacular. No reason to let the fact of the sewers upset you. They are intensely useful film props. What would *Seventh Heaven* be without them?

WALKING BACK

In 'Liberty' not so long ago, there was a serial story called *Walking Back* about this much-talked-of young generation of flaming youth. It was a fair story but the picture made from it is not so hot. Oh, it's hot all right in places—too hot, maybe, but it all fizzles out. It's like a true story magazine. They get you all steamed up thinking the girl is going wrong, but she proves a virtuous young soul in spite of darkness, drink and dashing hero.

¶ *Sue Carol plays the heroine and Richard Walling is the boy in the case in* 'Walking Back,' *a movie about this younger generation.*

Sue Carol plays the heroine, and she could have done a whole lot better. Richard Walling is the boy in the case. He wasn't bad, if you can discount about ninety percent of the sentimentality.

There's nothing so disappointing as to go to a tea and get nothing but tea. And there's nothing so disappointing as going to a movie expecting a little heat and to get deluged with a lot of luke-warm water.

HER SUMMER HERO

The other day at a party I overheard the following conversation between a man and a girl seated on a piano bench:

Said the girl: "Why don't you ever pay any attention to me? I've watched you for weeks playing around with all the girls in the crowd."

"I don't dare play with you," answered the man. "If I fell for you, it would be deep."

It might be a good idea to adopt that man's slogan, and leave off the mature dramas for a little while this hot weather. For if you fall for one of these mature heroes—such as Bancroft or Powell or Leonidoff, you've got trouble on your hands. Why not shop around and live on a light summer diet for awhile?

If you'd like to see a nice, lively, little collegiate affair, take in *Her Summer Hero*. It's harmless and amusing. And if it so happens you're far removed from the nearest beach, the water scenes will help you forget the fact. Hugh Trevor and Sally Blane about divide the acting honors, with lots of pretty girls and stalwart young men filling in the background.

(*Cont. on page* 84)

¶ *A Little Chorus Girl from Broadway Joins the Hollywood Dance.*

¶ *Josephine is Billy Haines' heroine in* 'Excess Baggage.'

¶ *Dreaming of the days when her name will be written across the Broadway sky in electric lights.*

WHAT HAS Josephine Dunn?

She's made Haines while the sun shines, of course!

By *Kitty Hubert*

¶ *She was a Broadway Cinderella until the movies played Prince Charming and fitted her with a contract.*

SHE was just fourteen years old and looked like the poster artist's dream. Her dress was gingham. Her slippers had flat heels and yet you knew that she wasn't going to play golf. Not only that but her eyes were very wide and very blue and her hair hung in curls, golden ones at that, to her waist.

You could tell that she was meek just to look at her. It was outside the stage entrance of a Broadway theatre where she had been left by a friend who was in the mysterious interior of the theatre looking for a job.

The door-man took pity on the waiting child and told her to go inside. Everything was different when she got there. She had never been inside a theatre before, never even seen a stage production. Her experiences with the drama had been only in the dim movie palaces. And suddenly she found herself on a large stage with hundreds of girls everywhere. Her friend had disappeared.

Josephine looked at the amazing sights when suddenly she heard a man at the (*Cont. on page* 104)

JOSEPHINE DUNN is getting the breaks—
Al Jolson has borrowed her from M. G. M.
for his new picture.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND

THE newest screen lovers—Ronald Colman and Lily Damita, a French importation. They are together in *The Rescue.*

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

JOAN CRAWFORD, the vivacious, and John Gilbert, the gallant, in a serious moment in *Four Walls*, their next picture.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

BILLIE DOVE'S sleep-disturbing charm will again be in evidence in *The Night Watch.*

Photograph by Harold Dean Carsey

SCREENLAND

But as the pall of evening screens
The sex appealing cuties,
The hardy mountaineers come out
To do their daily duties.

By day the sirens sing and sigh
And long with prayer and fasting
For Lasky's looking out to see
And Harry Langdon's casting.

Kind nature gave each comber curves,
Mack Sennett to excite;
Yet from her bottomless supply
She treated Alice White.

The rolling breakers toss their manes
And preen their restless fixtures—
Thanks to the bathing girls they've got
A break in moving pictures.

¶ *Nancy Carroll going upstairs to the ocean.*

¶ *John Mack Brown and Flash pretending they are a couple of loreliars.*

Photograph by Florence Vandamm

¶ *George White, one of the big girl-and-music men of Broadway, surrounded by the dancing chorus of the new edition of the George White Scandals.*

The STAGE COACH

Conducted by Morrie Ryskind

About Mae West

By the time you boys and girls are reading this, it will be August, nice, cool, crisp August when the leaves begin to fall—or could that be May? At any rate, no matter when you read this—and you've only yourself to blame if you do—right now as we sit writing this it is July, Daylight Saving Time.

It is not only July, Daylight Saving, but it is July and 92 degrees. Yesterday it was July and 91 degrees. To-morrow—but we can't bear to think of to-morrow. Live to-day is our motto, and a pretty tough motto, too, come to think of it, for twenty-six people died of the heat this morning, and there was a time when we thought of making it twenty-seven.

Photograpn by White Studio

¶ *The bright particular star of George White's Scandals is Ann Pennington, of the dimpled knees and smile.*

It is the hottest July, statistics show, since the blizzard of '88. And that was the year when blizzards were blizzards. It is so hot that even our thoughts—and we are trying to keep them as cool as possible—melt on us. Try as we may, we cannot help thinking of Mae West.

You see what the heat has done to us? It took us three paragraphs to get around to Mae West. There was

a time when we could have negotiated it in one, but we're not on our game to-day. It's not the humidity, it's the heat.

But there we go on about the weather, just as though we were a forecaster. We are not a forecaster. Nobody in our family has ever been a forecaster; besides all the weather reports are fully covered by Delight Evans. The Evanses know weather when they see it. Suppose we drop the whole subject and go back to Mae West. All those in favor say 'Aye'; motion carried.

Well, then, we'll read the reports of the previous meeting. Our previous meeting with Mae West before the current year occurred when she played in *Sex*. At that time, you may remember, there was a loud outcry from respectable society about the play; preachers preached, editors wrote editorials, the police threatened. And where, we ask you, was the Dramatic Editor of SCREENLAND while all this was going on? You may well ask; on that fatal Tuesday evening, the Dramatic Editor of SCREENLAND was sitting in the second row, having a swell time. And, furthermore, what are you going to do about it?

Well, who were we against so many? Miss West went to jail for a short time, while we mourned our loss. But Miss West decided she would make it up to us. She didn't waste any time. When her time was up, she emerged with a manuscript entitled *Diamond Lil*.

Together with a lot of prominent society people—that is, they were in the same audience—we went to see *Diamond Lil*, and had a sweller time, even. Believe us, those purity people are just great big fools if they lock Miss West up again. The next time she comes out, she probably couldn't get out.

By all of which, you might gather that *Diamond Lil* was hot stuff. It is—and yet, so help us, we think it is a good bit more than that. It has in it what most pornographic shows lack—it has something of the salt of truth, something of the mud of earth, and something—gosh, we feel awful about saying this—something that is perilously close to what is known as Art. There, we've said it. That's not all—what is more, we're afraid we mean it.

Photograph by DeBarron

¶ *Helen Withers is a Ziegfeld glorified girl, adding grace to the musical comedy stage.*

Photograph by White Studio

¶ *A good reason for the continued success of* 'Rosalie' *is the piquant comedienne, Bobbe Arnst.*

We grant you all the vulgarity and cheapness of the show—yet out of it there comes something that is on the level. Some of you gray-headed ladies and bald-headed men may remember, years ago, Theda Bara. Theda was the first person on the screen to go after sex in a Big Way. She languished and panted—but all the time you knew it was just so much hooey. You knew Theda didn't believe it. If she did she was just a—well, maybe she did believe it. You know how hovie actresses are. No, were. Of course, this modern crew are the most intelligent, fascinating, beautiful bunch of girls ever gathered together in Hollywood. But in our day it was different. Wasn't it, Fanny? (That last question is addressed to Miss Ward, who may be around the premises. Yes, there she is. Goodness, hasn't that child gone to bed yet?)

But Mae believes in sex. And she has a good reason. She can make you believe in it. She exudes it. She may or may not know Freud and Shaw, but she certainly knows her Life Force. She believes in Life, Libido, and the Pursuit of Happiness. When she comes on the stage, no matter how dull and cheap the show has been before, it breathes. It has been vegetable; it turns animal. And animal it remains. When she turns to her hero and says, 'You can be had,' you feel she speaks out of a knowledge of things as they are. You may say, 'I don't know any people like that,' but still you know they exist. Mae West has proven it to you.

And another thing we like about Miss West is that she doesn't compromise. Her show winds up without a moral. There is no death-bed repenting in her. Virtue may triumph, but not in her plays. Virtue triumphs in too many plays as it is. She presents the puzzle of the universe, and offers you no key thereto. 'That's how it is,' she tells you, and suggests that *that* is the way it always will be.

The SLICKER SLOGAN *Winners*

Alice White awards the slickers to six girls and six boys.

C Arthur Lake and Alice White in a collegiate version of the 'lean-and-hungry' look. Arthur has some parking space left on his slicker for some of the prize-winning slogans.

"IT ain't gonna rain no more!"

Is that so! Whether it rains or not, six girls and six boys of high-school age in these U. S. are stepping out in brand-new slickers—their rewards for submitting snappy slogans to the SCREENLAND-Alice White Slicker Slogan Contest.

Collegiate kids by the hundreds sharpened their wits and pencils and sent in slogans. It wasn't so easy selecting the best twelve, but the judges finally did it, and here's the result—all the twelve slogans scattered around these pages, with name and address of winner attached. All the boys and girls have proved that they have that priceless humor which makes Young America so amazing and wonderful.

PET and TAKE

CHARLES ROSE
109 EAST SECOND ST.,
AUBURN, INDIANA.

JAMAICA? (sometimes)

P. F. FAYERS
GENERAL DELIVERY,
KAMLOOPS, B. C.

A Man For The Ages-Under 20

DOROTHY BARNETT
REDKEY, INDIANA

Call me spaghetti I'm noodles of fun!

WILLIAM WARDE
465 NORTH PAULINA ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ANY OLD SPORT IN A STORM

PHILIP FOLUS
4104 PARK HEIGHTS AVE.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

IF SITTING BULL HAD A GOOD-LOOKING DAUGHTER WOULD YOU CALL HER SITTING PRETTY?

RUTH OLIVE BROWN
5900 JEANNE MANCE ST.,
MONTREAL, CANADA

What do you do with your old shoulder blades?

MARGARET RIGSBY
915 S. CLEMENT ST.,
GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.

¶ *Alice White, the high-school heroine of* 'Harold Teen' *and the donor of the* SCREENLAND *Contest Slickers.*

I CALL MY GIRL FERMENT
BECAUSE SHE TURNED ON ME

ETTA DOW
55 GEORGE ST.,
MASSENA, NEW YORK

The Companionate Slicker

PAUL EASLEY GARDNER
SAN JOSE PORTRAIT STUDIO,
186 SOUTH 2ND. ST.,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

ME and MY WATER SHED-OW

MARY CATHERINE JOHNSTON
108 MAIN ST.,
CAMBRIDGE CITY, INDIANA.

GIVE THIS SLICKER GIRL A HAND

RUTH GREEN
559 EAST AVENUE
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT SHOWS NO BODY

HARRY LEE
SOUTH WAYNE,
WISCONSIN.

¶ *Arthur Lake wanted a cutie to rub against the slicker, so he called a wrong number and tried to date her. He should have put on chains first.*

Chatter from Hollywood

By *Martin Martin*

¶ This Gary Cooper location shot is as good as a week's vacation. Everybody likes water—in pictures.

THE United Artists Studio has spent a quiet month. Doug and Mary and her new bob have returned from Europe. John Barrymore has been renewing Broadway acquaintances and D. W. Griffith has been immersed in a new story, *The Pioneer Woman,* which he will make with Movietone accompaniment, by the way. I met D. W. at a movie party and he is enthused over the possibilities of the new device. When he talked of the sighing trees, the tinkling brooks and the chirruping crickets that you are going to hear in *The Pioneer Woman,* it was like sitting out under a large tree in the Kentucky hills where the story is laid. One of the most charming qualities of Griffith is his enthusiasm. He is as young as a school-boy and his mind is open to anyone's suggestion. D. W. made quite an impression on Hollywood with *Drums of Love.* Away from his contagious optimism and awe-inspiring reminiscences the younger generation in the film colony had come to look upon 'the master' as a myth. He had to come back home to show them.

¶ Milt Gross and Joan Crawford. Dunt esk! Gradually wit pictures they are making 'Nize Baby.' *Is dis a system?*

—o—

Honolulu is becoming a suburb of Hollywood. Every star sails over for three weeks' rest between pictures. Norma Talmadge is the latest. Having finished *The Woman Disputed,* Norma slipped quietly away. Only the alert ship reporters discovered her.

Mrs. Talmadge, or 'Peg,' as she is familiarly

known in Hollywood, went along, as well as Norma's uncle. The handsome Gilbert Roland, also in need of a rest after strenuous work in support of Norma in *The Woman Disputed,* made a fourth to the party.

—o—

We all miss Jaime Del Rio, husband of Dolores, from the parties in Hollywood. He was an eager, gentlemanly fellow, universally popular.

Jaime sold a play in New York, so we hear, and is to write it in Spain at his mother's hacienda. Perhaps I should clarify by saying that Jaime has been commissioned to write a play. It is assured of production because an agent of the company which bought it is going to Spain to watch the progress and suggest any changes in technique.

While he didn't get much credit from it, Jaime is partial author of another play, *From Hell Came a Lady,* which Joseph Schildkraut produced in Hollywood. Jaime wrote a short story and George Scarborough used it as a basis of the drama. I don't believe it was a great success but Edwin Carewe, the director, is willing to spend some more money on it if he can secure the rights from Scarborough, and if the playwright will do a little refurbishing.

—o—

A friend of mine who had never seen a studio asked me this month what was used in the champagne glasses on movie sets. He thought it was ginger ale. I wonder if you know yourself what really is used?—Casa Blanca, an apple cider bottled just like champagne.

—o—

Here's an interesting thing. The Central Casting Bureau, which places all extras, will not take any more names of young people, but it will register middle-aged banker types and grand-dames. Even they must have a complete wardrobe.

The reason for this discrimination against youth is that the market for this commodity in Hollywood is flooded. There are 5000 men and 6000 women already listed at the bureau, and it is a good day that sees 900 placements made of both sexes.

¶ Laura La Plante will dye these golden locks black for her role of Magnolia in 'Show Boat.'

¶ Nancy Carroll's prehistoric charm in 'The Water Hole.'

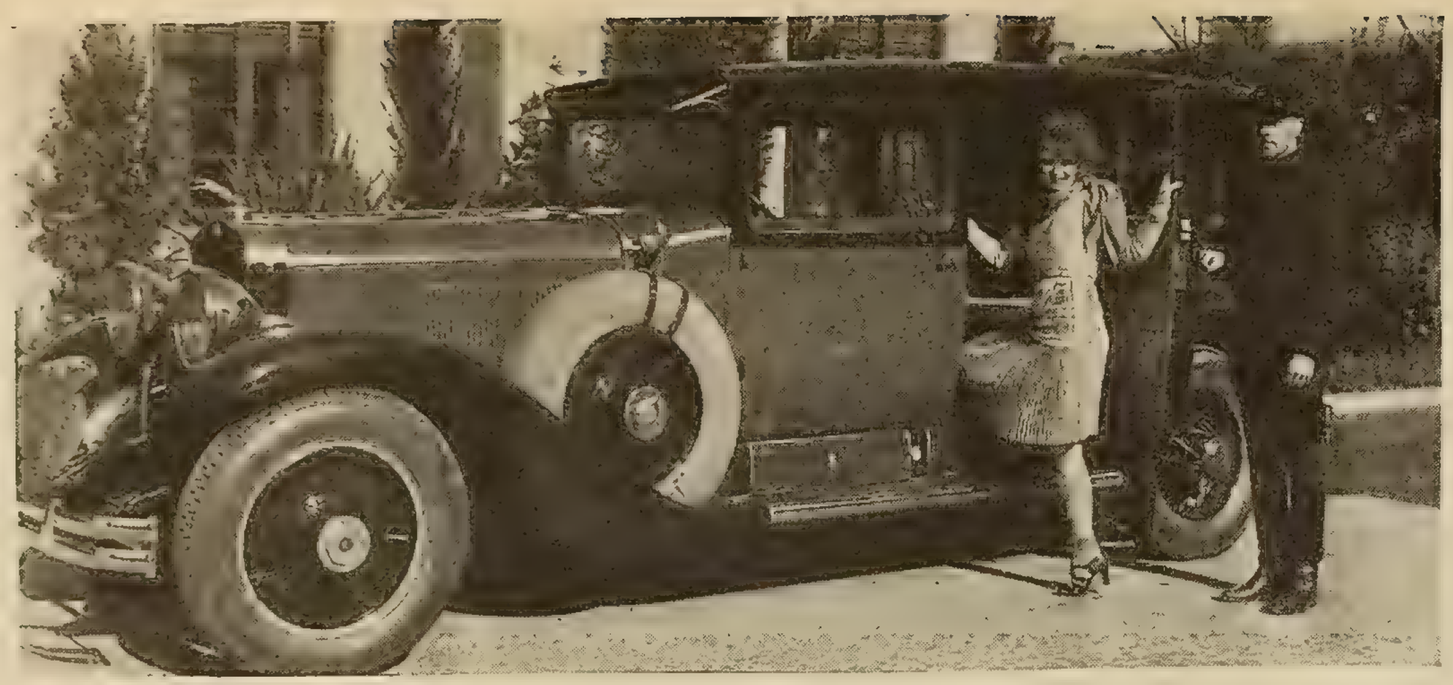
¶ Nancy Carroll's modern seductiveness in a lace frock.

About the only way a boy or girl can get his name on the list now is to attract the attention of some studio casting director, who will request that the bureau add the name to the 11,000.

—o—

The pageant of Hollywood is both humorous and pathetic. We have all seen children showing off to attract attention to themselves, but here the grown people are equally bad.

One of my earliest memories of the film colony is of seeing a Spanish cowboy riding through the streets on a roan horse with a white star on its forehead. This same fellow is still at it. Instead of using the street-cars, buses or walking from studio to studio seeking a job, he rides his horse. He is one of our most picturesque figures, attracting more attention than a Rolls-Royce or even than a street scene being shot off Hollywood Boulevard.



¶ Clara Bow bought a car and gave it to the most popular girl in pictures. Yep! There she is!

¶ A certain party in her parti-colored suit. It looks like Agnes Franey. Righto!

There is another fellow, more pathetic than humorous, who haunts the casting offices and whenever he sees anyone looking through the little barred window, goes through his tricks. He makes faces and shuffles about in imitation of Charlie Chaplin. If anyone smiles at him he goes into an ecstasy, not realizing the nature of the amusement he excites.

One of the most ingenious of the grand-stand artists created a mild panic in front of the Paramount Studio by dressing himself up in a gorilla's skin and careening crazily to the curb at the wheel of a car. All the sympathy he got for his trick was an order to move on from a policeman.

—o—

I heard Monte Blue telling his life to an interviewer for a daily paper here and jotted down a few facts for this letter. Monte originally intended to be an engineer. He started in college to take such a course but money trouble intervened and he had to go to work. Jobs being scarce he eventually found himself digging ditches at a studio where D. W. Griffith was making one of his early pictures. Monte improved his noon-time by haranguing his fellow ditch-diggers on a controversial subject of the day, and while he was so engaged, D. W. heard him.

And that is how Monte got his first job in the movies. D. W. hired him to be a director's assistant with duties consisting chiefly of inciting the mob spirit in a movie crowd.

¶ Alma Rubens supported by the artistic floor cushion she graces so alluringly.

Since that time Monte has been a circus clown, an engineer, and a half dozen other things.

—o—

Something for the baby stars to worry about is who will be Harold Lloyd's next leading woman. Harold hasn't said so, but it is agreed it will not be Ann Christy. She did *Speedy*, the first Lloyd picture since Jobyna Ralston became a free-lance dramatic actress.

Probably Harold won't choose a leading lady for a few weeks as he isn't really decided on his next story and he always takes a long time working on it before the actual work on the scenes begins.

—o—

You're not going to see Bebe Daniels in any more farce comedies at Paramount and you're not to see Pola Negri in any more pictures of any kind with this organization.

Jesse Lasky believes that comedies are on the wane. He has ordered Bebe back into romantic dramas of the type she used to do. *Take Me Home* will be the first.

Nobody knows just what Pola's plans are. She left Hollywood without any definite objective other than going to Europe with husband Serge M'Divani and making a picture abroad for someone.

The gossip is that both Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the increasingly powerful Fox Company would like to have a try at making Pola into a popular box-office star. While none of her pictures have made a great success in this country, she is a strong attraction on the Continent, a market that the movie producers are taking into consideration more and more.

—o—

Speaking of Europe, by the way, Ben Jackson, head of the Fox Movietone, tells me that none of the Fox talking pictures will be sent abroad.

It's easy to see why. If the stars had to speak in the languages of all the countries the films are shown in, they would have to be linguists of distinction. Moreover, the scene would have to be taken over again for each country where the language was different and this would mean tremendous additional production costs. The foreign market is only one of the many problems arising out of the rush to the speakies.

—o—

A panic threatens among the actors. Most of them have no stage experience and those who have are a little rusty in speaking their lines. First experiments in talking pictures have shown that a single bad voice impression upon an audience may completely destroy the illusion about a star. It is distressing, and you can't blame some of the actors for worrying.

Charles Farrell is taking singing lessons and preparing to study voice culture. He is certainly one who has little to fear from talking pictures. Charlie's voice is one of his charming attributes. He sings in a clear voice, without tremolo and interesting.

The foreign actors who have a marked accent are the ones who are showing the greatest activity. The study of the English language has become of engrossing interest to them.

—o—

I almost forgot to tell you about the wedding presents that the stars gave Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver. When the honeymoon couple got back from Paris, they found among other gifts: an Australian cockatoo from Bebe Daniels; a bejeweled letter opener from Clara Bow—(it isn't surprising she thinks of this gift, as Postmaster O'Brien of Los Angeles told me that Clara is getting 1000 fan letters a day); an imported vase from Emil Jannings; a clock from Esther Ralston which tells the time of the day and the day of the week.

Audrey Ferris. Modernistic art without an angle.

Dorothy Sebastian has the smallest foot in Southern California for her height —size two and a half.

They SAY

By Marion of Hollywood

Bebe Daniels' grandmother foretells the future to Adela Rogers, Charlie Chaplin, Bebe's mother and Bebe herself, at the Daniels' beach home.

YOU know that for the last couple of months I told you it was going to happen. Only last month I reported to you that I had seen them together at a number of public places, acting like a pair of honeymooners. And now it *has* happened! Marie has gone down to the Judge and has told him what a fine fellow Kenneth is, and how she made a *terrible* mistake for ever filing suit for divorce. Neither she nor Kenneth wants that nasty final decree; they are more in love than ever before, and everything is hunkadory. As the kid next door said, 'That's the swellest news I've heard in a long, long time!'

* * *

I have made a resolution, and I want all my Hollywood and other-wheres friends to know about it—I have argued my last argue on the Vitaphone question! No, sir—no one this side of the equator can get me started on it again. 'Can it last?' 'Is it any good?' 'Doesn't it make too much of a grinding noise?' 'Does it sound real?' We can't agree, and I'm not going to argue it out with another person. Possibly it *is* because of the novelty, but all I wish is that I could pocket one little percent of the money the crowds are paying to see the 'talky' at Warner Brothers' Theatre in Hollywood. In other words, I'll take the money and let the rest do the arguing, but I'm a woman, and I must have the last word, and if the 'talkies' are only in for a novelty

The boy who ran away. Allan Whitney broke into pictures and his family recognized him on the screen. Allen, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Glenn Tryon.

and won't last, as some of our best people say, I'll buy everyone all around a twenty-five cent marshmallow nut sundae! There! Now I'll never say another word!

* * *

"Oh, no, Fay won't be married for a long, long time. I don't want her to," said Fay Wray's mother to me about six or seven months ago. I wondered then why her eyes twinkled so, and why Fay pleaded, "Mother —don't." With Fay away on her honeymoon, with her brand-new husband, John Monk Saunders, Mrs. Wray comes to me and guiltily confesses that even then, while we were talking, Fay and the handsome John were engaged. They kept it such a real secret by never going twice to the same cafe or theatre, and when they were so suddenly married, no one dreamed that they have been engaged for at least seven months. I suppose you all know that they have rented Florence Vidor's beautiful home for the summer while the Vidors are touring Europe, and the thrill of keeping house is Fay's. A June bride, in a drowsy little Maryland town, that was Fay, and you simply have to stay happy when you are married in the merry month of June under such happy circumstances.

* * *

Here's something I almost forgot. You all know that it's no fun to talk about divorces, broken promises and all that sort of thing. But you know, too, that when you can talk about broken divorces, and Cupid's bow all mended up, why, then you've got something to talk about, and you glow from tip to toe and it's a grand and glorious feeling. What I'm trying to tell you is the latest news about the Alan Croslands. Did you know that everything is patched up; that after having started divorce proceedings, and having lived apart for almost a year, the whole business is blown into pieces and they are right back together again, even better than new? Absolutely — honeymooning all over again, just like Marie and Kenneth, and tickled to death with each other whether they argue or not. It's the air in Hollywood—it's the air! And it can't be so very bad to feel that after everything is said and done the wife you picked and the husband you decided upon in the beginning was about as good a choice as you could make.

Jola Mendez, introduced to pictures by her sister, Lucilla Mendez.

Lucilla married Ralph Ince, crashed the studio gate and then let her little sister in. Give Lucilla an Ince and she takes a mile.

* * *

Now about the color of Lya de Putti's hair. In the first place, nobody is going to put another blonde wig over Lya's black eyes. *That* is final! A blonde wig does not go with a black eyed personality, and if you don't believe me, write to Lya and ask *her*. And Lya doesn't want black hair, either. It has to be red, to suit her temperament, she says, and anyone who wants to object might just as well not say a word, because she is an American woman now, and American women can do exactly what they want to do and must please themselves. Of course, the way she says it, in her own broken English, is half the battle, and between us, I'm not so sure if she really is saying exactly what she means. Her 'like so' and 'h-huh,' copied from us with the European accent, is so entertaining that it doesn't make such a terrific amount of difference as to what color the rest of the world figures her hair should be. She is certainly a riot when she starts talking red and black and blonde hair in broken, bothersome English.

* * *

Another good hair topic is the new Pickford bob. It makes great afternoon tea arguments, too. I don't suppose anyone cares particularly much about the way I feel, but I would like to know why, if Mary were going to cut her goldy locks at all, she didn't cut 'em all the way. If you have seen her in pictures you know to the dot how she looks, because that's the way America's sweetheart looks 'in personae.' One more good clip and Mary would be in the land of honest-to-goodness bob. Why not? Her real curls are gone, anyway, and the thrill of taking the first look at herself after her locks are shorn is something Mary should never, never miss. I've got to put that down on my calendar, because Mary and I shall have to have a good heart to heart talk until I can convince her that she might as well finish the snipping.

Natalie Kingston has no fear of lions after having tamed the casting directors of Hollywood.

* * *

You folks who are coming to Hollywood

¶ *A movie star knows positively that she has arrived when James Montgomery Flagg draws her portrait. See Corinne Griffith's.*

¶ *Jack Duffy as the world's meanest man. He won't even give the poor little bathing-girl a nickel to buy herself an ocean.*

for a visit—don't think you have to get a pass into a studio to have a look at the stars. Oh, no indeed. Saturday night on the Boulevard, first came Joe Swickard; then Victor McLaglen and Frank Nelson; after that, Nancy Carroll, George O'Brien and Jim Hall, all in the course of fifteen minutes or less. No, you do not need a studio to see the stars—merely pick a good spot on the Boulevard, any night in the week, and the film parade will do its stuff right before your eyes.

* * *

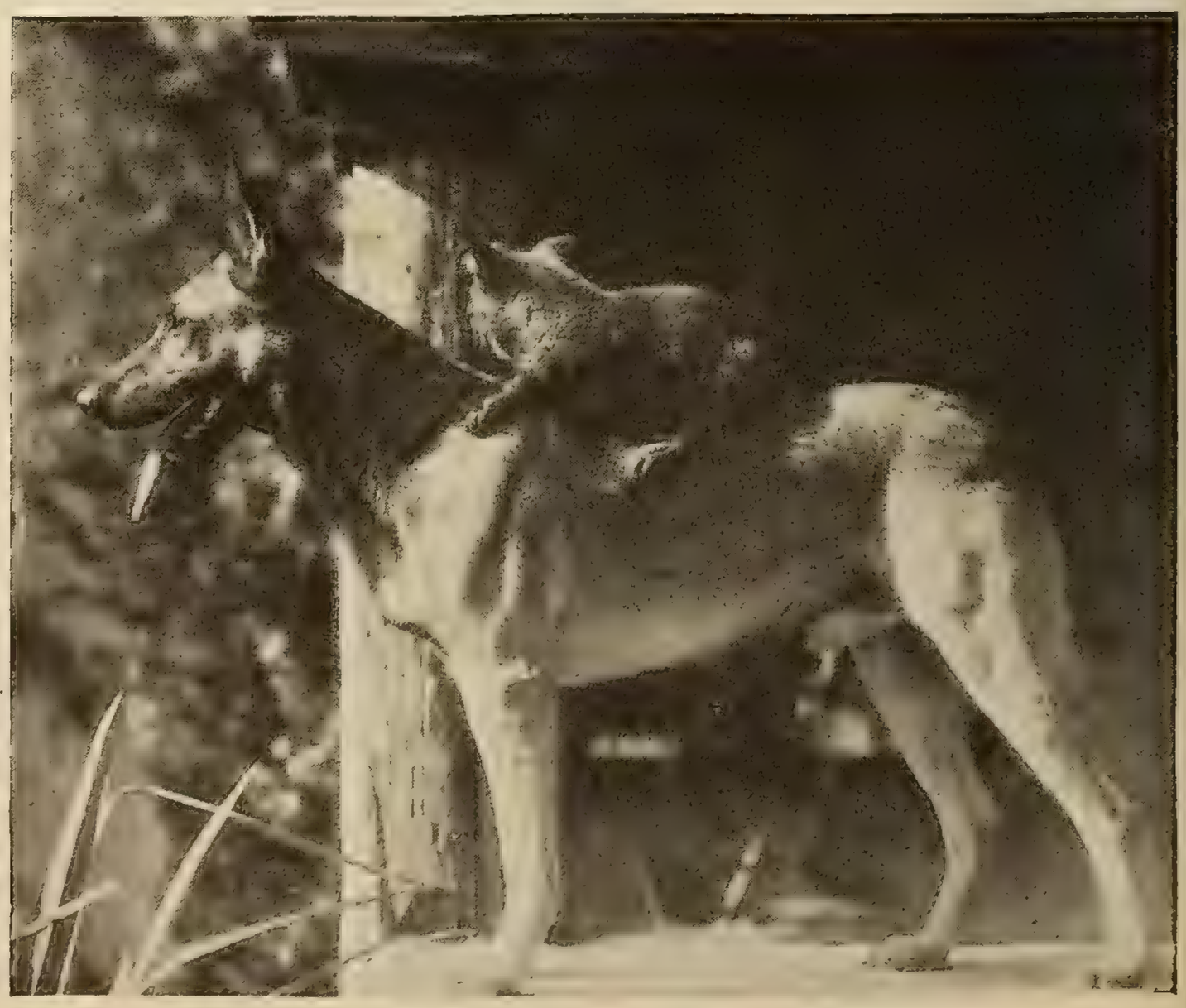
Bosom pals these days, Jim Hall and George O'Brien. And outside of its being a very pleasant companionship, Jim tells me that it is coming in mighty handy in these gob days of his for Clara Bow's *The Fleet's In.* George, as you doubtless know without my telling you, was a gob himself in days gone by, and as Jimmy tells me, 'He's putting me wise to every bit of gob etiquette.' Wait until you see friend Hall in his latest outfit! The dark-eyed Susan in the Paramount wardrobe department explains that he 'looks too cute for words.'

* * *

Bill Austin is on his way to England to see if he can't find another bathing suit like the one that made such a hit for him in *Red Hair.* Remember? Did you ever see such a ridiculous thing in your life, and would you think that another such relic could be found anywhere? Bill is a peach of a fellow, and I'll bet that when he gets back to the old home town near London, England, there will be many a toast said for the owner of the ridiculous bathing suit. May Bill's holiday be a glorious affair.

* * *

What a lot of difference one little year can make! Just about twelve months ago Buzz Barton was kicking because he didn't 'wanna make love to any girls in his pitchures,' and now look at the young actor. I don't want to be telling any tales out of school, but do you know what Buzz thinks? Well, Buzz thinks that the name 'Annabelle' is pretty near as perfect a name as can be found. Another thing—Buzz has decided that maybe he ought to be combing his hair a bit neater, so he'll look a trifle more, well,



¶ *Ranger takes Junior out for a puppy-ride.*

fixed up or presentable or whatever you want to call it. He needs new chaps, too, he tells Director Lew King, and if all the other fellows in the movies use a nice, smooth make-up in order to look desirable, Buzz wants to know why he shouldn't do the same thing. Love is a terrible, terrible thing, and if you don't believe it, ask Buzz. A year ago, of course, Buzz was a kid, but since Annabelle Magness is the love interest in his new picture, and since she's a pretty good cure for about any kind of illness, why shouldn't Buzz get himself fixed up so that he'll look kind of decent to her?

* * *

Talk about Mayor James J. Walker and all his sartorial perfection! He may be good, all right, but it's to Hollywood he's got to come to learn a thing or two about the proper way to dress. (And I understand he is on his way.) For instance, could he tell the correct mode for a gentleman director who has to jump from a clean spot to a very dirty spot and then back again to clean, clean spot where everyone can see how he looks? If not, all he has to do is visit Josef von Sternberg at Paramount and learn Lesson Number One in the art of dressing for a day of movie work. For the morning of *The Docks of New York*, the Mayor would have been okay, but when it came to those dirty shots in the pit when he would have had to put the funny looking coveralls over all his finery, do you suppose he would have remembered to carry the cane the way our movie director did? I really am afraid to say, but I certainly do wish that you folks could have seen Joe walking around the studio garbed in his coverall outfit, but never for one second forgetting to carry the cane! We kidded him to death at the studio, but to no avail. He can't have Mayor Walker getting the best of Josef von Sternberg, and a cane certainly does dress one up.

* * *

I have wondered my last wonder about this Cecil DeMille man. Many a morning the DeMille roadster and chauffeur has passed with an empty seat, only to have me meet the car again down towards Culver City with its empty seat filled up by one Cecil Blount DeMille. The wondering days are over now, though, because I have learned the secret of the empty seat, and at the same time, the secret of the C. B. complexion. Here it is. Every morning of his life, C. B. starts walking, and he walks fully a mile and a half before the chauffeur comes along and takes him the rest of the way by machine. When you figure that C. B.'s working day never ends before eight or eight-thirty at night, it's a pretty long walk with which to start a strenuous day.

¶ Marion Davies playing peek-a-boo around her own private rose-bush.

¶ Here's how Greta Garbo looks to James Montgomery Flagg, the famous artist. What's the Swedish for 'Wow'?

* * *

Remember the young chap that Wallie Beery adopted and helped a couple of years ago? Did you know that the boy went into pictures and has been getting along? Allan Whitney, seventeen, had a pretty good part in a Universal picture, *A Hero for a Night*, and everything has turned out exactly like a story book. The boy thought he was penniless and without relatives, and now what do you think has happened? An aunt saw him in the picture, and immediately it seemed to her as if the screen were showing her the face of her nephew, for whom she had been searching a long, long time, exactly the way they do in story books. Sure enough, she wrote to Universal, and only this month it has been definitely established that this boy who has been so befriended by Wallie Beery is the boy who has been searched for high and low. And not only that—he gets the inheritance, too, the way any good story has to end, and through the movies, instead of being alone and penniless, he has become independent and has found his family.

Off On Location — *Continued from page 41*

had been haunted and no one dared enter.

The scene was so real, the acting so good that one forgot the dozen or two Richardson-Moles (lights), reflectors, cameras, magazine containers and what not that go toward the making of a picture, and I found myself actually struggling against tears in sympathy for the girl of long ago.

I noticed a very attractive stray curl that played over Vilma's forehead while the scene was being taken. Her voice brought me back from France to Hollywood.

"Vic, I cannot, cannot play this scene right until that vind she stop. Did you see my hair blowing all over in my eyes? Can I act vit such things happening?"

Vilma's voice is full of resonance and she speaks in adorable broken English. Not very broken, though. She only seems to have trouble with her w's. I should love to see her in talking pictures. She is charming.

Victor Fleming hadn't noticed anything wrong with her acting, and he seemed to feel the same way I did about the curl. But he said he was going to take a cover shot anyway after lunch. He is a very even director and speaks quietly. I imagine that he gets a great deal out of his people.

There is a picnical (my word) air about any location. Everybody has to keep reminding themselves that it isn't a holiday and that there is a schedule date to meet— the *bete noir* of every director. You hear the men talking about a rattler that was killed yesterday and the quantities of trout and bass to be found in Losturous Lake just over the hill. The sage-laden breeze blows through the sycamore trees that are covered with great bunches of mistletoe and not far away the mess tent beckons for refreshments. It is just like a picnic.

"We must go promptly," said Vilma leading the way, "because we have only an hour."

Under the canvas of the mess tent were five long regulation mess tables and benches made of rough boards. There was a white cloth over each which was not regulation but an attempt to be homey. Vilma's chair was placed at the end of the first table and the rest of us scrambled over the benches. A rather undignified proceeding for a fat lady with short skirts but I made the grade without too much personal embarrassment. And looked up into the amused eyes of William K. Howard, the visiting Elk, Victor Fleming explained by way of introduction, not knowing that Mr. Howard and I had, figuratively speaking, played marbles together on the Fox lot some eight years back.

"Why aren't you visiting *our* set?" Bill asked.

"Because I wasn't invited," I replied.

"I invite you now, then. Victor McLaglen and Nick Stuart are over there and a couple of the biggest stunt men in the business. We are going to have an escape from prison in an automobile and there's to be an accident Come on over."

Louis Wolheim, who plays the naughty man with the heart of gold in Vilma's picture, contributed his basso treble. "Say, pipe down there. Sam Goldwyn should invite a writer out here to cover a story for Mr. Fox." Mr. Wolheim said more but I won't write it. He just can't remember that he is not playing *What Price Glory* any longer. We all laughed at what he did say.

"Just to show you that I'm not proud," I told Bill, "I'll look your old accident over before I go back to town."

By that time we had been served with delicious fried chicken and fresh vegetables served on white enamel plates and there was iced tea in white enamel cups. Walter Byron didn't eat very much. "What's taken your appetite?" another visiting lady said.

"The sun," he replied promptly. "I'm not acclimated yet, and if you take much exercise in this climate before your blood has thinned out you suddenly find yourself behaving like a pricked balloon."

¶ *The beautiful Vilma Banky is a full-fledged star now and she celebrates with* 'The Awakening.'

The surprise came for dessert in the form of a huge cake two feet square and five inches thick. It was Vilma's first wedding anniversary and the cake was in honor of it. Rod La Rocque, her husband, had to work so he couldn't be there which was perhaps the reason she was rather silent and wistful during luncheon. But when the cake appeared she burst out laughing. "Oh-o-o, look at the prop!" she cried at sight of the one lonely candle which had been cribbed from the studio. "Now isn't that nice? "To our Vilma with love from the gang."

"You have to cut it, Vilma," from Victor Fleming.

"What, cut all this big cake?" An enormous knife was handed her.

"Wait, we have to take pictures first," said Barrett. Kiesling, falling back to his role of director of publicity.

"That lets me out," said Bill Howard rising.

Victor Fleming grabbed him firmly by the shoulder, pulling him down again. "You *stay*, my boy," he said.

There was a lot of excitement about the posing. Vilma was tried out sitting and standing in several different places. 'There. You're fine,' said one. 'No, she's covering Wolheim and Byron,' said another.

"Lean against the end of the table with your face to the camera, Miss Banky," said the still man. She did, holding the knife in a dramatic pose over the cake.

"Sorry to disturb you, Vilma, but you're on fire," said Victor Fleming, grabbing her apron string which had strayed over the candle's flame. Everyone laughed.

'Oh, for goo'ness sake!' cried Vilma in her pretty, broken English, 'Vat kind of a picture will this be?' She blew out the candle and once more faced the camera. This time we were all set.

Shortly we returned to the French village.

"I never saw lights used on a daylight location before," I said. "Is it something new?"

"George Barnes is one of the best cameramen in the business," said my informant. "But he's an indoor man—there are such things you know. It is not always possible to regulate the sunlight even with shade and reflectors, and it is easier for him to use the lights and not experiment."

We watched the make-up man take a spot of dust from between the eyes of Walter Byron. He had a neat location kit with everything in it from false hair to lip rouge, in case something should be missing from the players' individual supply. We noticed that Walter was as freckled as a ten-year-old-boy. Nice, light tan freckles he has. But they don't show through the make-up.

"Where did you get all those freckles on your hands?" someone asked.

"I've always had them," Walter apologized. "I've got them on my neck and shoulders and stomach and everywhere."

"That's a peachy uniform you have on," from one of the actors.

In spite of popular opinion a good deal of attention is paid to details in pictures. The laughable mistakes that occur are in most instances anybody's fault but the technical man's. After he has worn himself to a frazzle trying to have every detail accurate in a picture the star, for an example which happens to be a true one, decides she wants to wear a white wig because it is becoming to her. Then the technical man has to search history to find whether it is possible for a lady to wear a white wig in those times and arrange a scene that makes it plausible. Suppose it isn't possible But suppose the star has a good deal of power and gets stubborn—well, then a masquerade ball has to be stuck in costing the company thousands of unnecessary dollars. Yet the star has a good argument, too. The more beautiful she looks the better it is for the box-office; and upon that point the defense rests.

But to return to Vilma's picture and the

stunning uniform. There are two technical men on *The Awakening* payroll who know every loop and buckle, every manner and custom of England and the country in and about Alsace-Lorraine. The German is Baron Erich von Brincken and the Englishman is Lieut. Hatswell, who was detailed to submarine duty in the British navy during the war. Both of these men have very thrilling war records and they and a few others are entitled to a special article which I hope some day to write. Enough now to say that their background and studies since the war fit them perfectly for the technical work they are now interested in, and that the costumes worn in this picture are accurate in every detail. Mr. Byron's uniform was made by the best man in town and was delivered in duplicate. A second costume is always provided in case the first gets torn or soiled. The bill for Mr. Byron's two uniforms was $700.

Vilma was at work again and once more I fell under the spell of her beauty.

"To use a trite phrase," said Henry Hathaway, "she has a nature as sweet as her face. She simply can't stay mad no matter what happens. She tried to this morning and started to bawl us all out but burst into laughter before she finished. There was a mistake in the calls and she was out here half an hour before anyone else, having gotten up at six. She among others returns to Hollywood every night, you know. Well, she had plenty to say to the first carload that arrived, which happened to contain me. We all looked so miserable over the mistake that she shrieked with laughter."

These jolly tars are really movie extras, snatching a few minutes from their arduous activities in the ship scenes for 'The Divine Lady.'

The rough and ignorant assistant director is a thing of the past in movies. He only appears in cheap and inferior companies. These boys now are in most instances college trained. Usually they are well born and well bred and terribly interested in the future of pictures.

It was interesting to see them light a very shady place in the background. The trees over the house cast a dense shade, and so that it would pick up in the camera, shiny tin reflectors caught the sun and threw the reflected light right into the darkest spot.

The subject of freckles seemed to trouble Walter Byron. As I said goodbye to him he stopped me. "Before you go I want to explain to you what freckles are," he said earnestly. "They are heat glands. And if we didn't have them we'd die in ten minutes. The natives of India have heat glands under their arm pits and it distributes the heat waves evenly through their bodies, turning them brown. That's why some people are evenly tanned all over. Their heat glands are right. When the heat circulation is even the freckles disappear."

I think young Mr. Byron will be a sensation on the screen if one can judge by one day's rushes. He is a strange and unexplainable mixture of Jack Gilbert and Edmund Lowe, yet with a definite personality of his own. Vilma, in her work with him, shows a side of her nature that we are not familiar with. She sparkles. She is vivacious and fun-loving—a different Vilma from the tragedy queen we have been accustomed to.

We stopped to look at the chuck wagon which has become an institution out here. The Judd D. Stevens Company is the only one that caters solely to motion picture trade. They carry two wagons. One, a nice white enamel motor car with an ice compartment which also holds milk and butter. There are separate compartments for silver and dishes. They are all neatly stacked in their proper grooves. It is large enough to cater to four hundred people. The other is a truck which carries the provisions and a huge eight-hole stove which was set up at the back of the mess tent. The chef was taking six delicious-looking berry and apple pies from the oven as we arrived. Scattered about were the sleeping tents to accommodate those who remained on location at night. They had windows covered with mosquito netting. I never felt a mosquito in California but they say there are a few, and anyhow I suppose there are insects that are attracted by the light.

From there we walked over to the river bed, dry of course as all California rivers are except in the rainy season, where the Fox outfit was getting ready for their accident. Nick Stuart and Victor McLaglen were supposed to be escaping from prison and as they tear along the road pursued by the police the car turns turtle into the river bed. The whole side and bed of the stream was lined with mattresses so the spill wouldn't hurt the stunt men that were doubling for Vic and Nick. They had wanted to do it themselves but Bill Howard wouldn't let them.

"No sense in taking chances. It takes stunt men to get away with a thing like that. Something may happen to them, too, but they have trained themselves for this sort of thing and are pretty sure to get out from under." But Mr. Howard wasn't prepared for what happened.

The car started over by *The Awakening* set a quarter of a mile away and came on at a clip of thirty-five an hour, over a rough road and sharp curves. As they neared the spot where the spill was to take place something went wrong and they went head on into a boulder. The car leapt into the air turning over three times and landing on its nose in the ditch with one of the men still in it. The other man had been hurled into the air when the crash came, and landed clear. The company rushed up expecting to find both men dead. They weren't even unconscious. Stunned a bit, but there wasn't a scratch on either one of them and the onlookers were far more shaken than they. It just goes to show that a person doesn't move into the next world until his bell rings—which must be the philosophy of the jaywalker.

The camera caught the crash—all of it, I think—and you will see it in *The River Pirate*.

And that's all I can tell you about *that* location.

Of a different sort was the location for *The Divine Lady* with Corinne Griffith, Victor Varconi, H. B. Warner and Montague Love, directed by Frank Lloyd.

The Catalina Isthmus was their headquarters where there is a permanent restaurant and about three cottages. The rest are tents. The actual location was the good ship Vanguard of historic fame, which was riding at anchor about three miles out. To get to this location we were hauled out of bed at six A. M. and motored down to Wilmington, about forty miles from Hollywood. There we met a special speed boat which took us to Catalina in an hour and forty-five minutes instead of the regulation three and a half. It was cold and foggy and miserable until the last half hour's run. Then the glory of the Pacific and the rugged beauty of the Island made us forget our early inconveniences.

As we approached the dock we saw a lady in a brilliant satin bouffant gown swinging dainty slippered feet off the end of it, rod and line in hand and fishing busily. "Look at my catch!" shouted Lady Hamilton alias Corinne Griffith, as she held up three fish for us to see.

But she certainly looked an odd sight. There she was in a rose satin gown with panniers and ruffles and lace, and elaborately coifed in the period of 1800. A drawing-room flower perfectly at home on a fishing dock! Such is life in the movies.

H. B. Warner was holding an animated conversation with Betty Danko, Corinne's 'stand-in,' about the number and variety of fish to be found in that part of the island. His work in that sequence was over so he was waiting for the boat to take him to the mainland. He was so excited over the appearance of a gold fish about a foot long that he nearly fell in. He declared it was not natural to those waters and must have strayed from the coral reefs miles away. He tried to get a sympathetic enthusiasm from Betty over a Sheepshead, a nice black and blue fish, without any result, and when he pointed out a sculpin, a hideous water animal, she turned her back altogether.

Stand-ins are comparatively new in pictures and perhaps need a word of explan-

ation. They are people resembling the star if possible but the important thing is for them to be of the same size and weight. Duplicate costumes of cheaper materials are made for the stand-ins and they stand on the set while the cameras are being placed and the distance measured to save the energy of the star for the taking of the scene.

Soldier costumes are expensive things, not to mention a woman star's period costumes. Some of them cost thousands.

We had a nice lunch of cold meat, spring salad and coffee at the commissary and then were taken out to the Vanguard. Corinne stuck to her fishing, hoping against hope that she wouldn't be called to work that afternoon, but she was.

Getting out of the launch and on the big ship was something of an achievement. The sailors took your coat and purse and guided your hands as you climbed the perpendicular ladder shipside. All who were not actually in the scene at the moment were hanging over the sides of the boat.

"Have they found Amundsen yet?" someone called.

"Who got the Republican nomination? —What?—Hurray for Hoover!"

"Did the mail come?"

On the whole they acted like a bunch of exiles.

Frank Lloyd had a week's growth of beard which he wore to protect his face from sunburn, a vicious thing out here. He was taking close-ups of Victor Varconi and Montague Love. The big battle scene we had been invited out to see was nowhere around. "Won't get to it for three days anyway," said Mr. Lloyd. Well, such is life in the movies. And I for one was glad, for I detest noise.

The handsome Victor Varconi had one eye almost closed and one arm gone, in deference to the traditional Lord Nelson. "What has become of your arm?" we asked. He held out his real arm. Just a clever trick of keeping it well behind his back. When he had to turn his back to the camera another clever trick was used.

I sat on an old cannon aft with a fine view of the whole scene. A command came to man the sails and fifty sailors jumped to do Lord Nelson's bidding.

"Those are pretty tarry extras," someone remarked, "to be able to handle that rigging so well."

"They aren't real extras," said Roy Roquoi, technical man for the Lloyd unit. "They are sailors and they were mad enough when they found they had to wear period costumes. They declared they 'Wan't no bloomin' movin' pitchur actors!' "

Roy Roquoi has had years of stage experience back of him though this is his first picture. He was in London for years and was responsible for the technical effects in three New York theatres.

"Pictures are much nicer than the theatre, don't you think?" I said.

"Oh, yeah?" he inquired interestedly. "Getting up at five every morning off a cot bed in a tent and walking into a fog so thick you could cut it! And then waiting around all day for a sun to shine that makes its first appearance at six P. M. just in time to set? Well, maybe it is nicer when you get used to it. Today is great, but you should have been here yesterday."

Bob Freeland, a cute little boy, was running back and forth from the hold to the deck. "What's his game?" someone asked.

"He's the powder monkey."

"Which means—?"

"He supplies powder to the gunners as they need it. It is kept in the hold out of danger of explosion and is only brought up in small quantities. Bob is a newsy and delivers papers at the First National Studios. He longed to be a pirate. I don't know whether he confided his ambition to Frank Lloyd or not—anyhow Mr. Lloyd heard about it and gave him a job during his vacation as powder monkey. He's the happiest kid in California."

Some of the extras were taking sun baths, others were sitting in on a bridge or poker game. In all, that day, there were about 500 people on board. There were 2000 in the battle scenes. Twenty-eight make-up men were employed to see that the extras were in proper shape for the picture. When we left everyone lined up to say goodbye, shouting messages for us to give people on shore, for none of them had seen mainland for weeks. Even Frank Lloyd was longing for a sight of home. "I'll be through with this in about three more weeks," he remarked hopefully.

The water was getting rough and it wasn't as easy to board the launch as it had been to get off of it. A sailor picked you up bodily on the third rung of the ladder and put you in the arms of another sailor aboard the launch with the smaller boat bobbing up and down like a cork. It wasn't as simple as it sounds.

We put off amid a chorus of cheers, and eventually landed at our respective domiciles, a relaxed, happy, sunburned crowd

Of all the actors in Hollywood Ben Lyon has drawn the funniest break. He's been nine months in the making of *Hell's Angels*, a Caddo picture. But for a young actor to be tied up nine months on one picture in these days of competition is a serious thing.

We drove out to Caddo Field, the location for this air picture. The flights start at dawn. As Ben said, he knew every variety of sunrise. He was just landing as we arrived and greeted us with a war whoop.

"Say, have you come to get the news break?" he called.

"Sure, what is it?" a reporter asked.

"Why, we finish the picture next week!" Ben has a very real sense of humor.

He pulled some photographs out of his pocket taken at a circus. "Isn't she a peach?" he asked, holding up a picture of a young lady weighing four hundred pounds. "I made a non-stop flight around her once."

"How will it feel to be back in a studio again, Ben?" I asked.

"Gee, I don't know. I don't feel like an actor any more. I feel like an aviator."

Then he was off again into the air, higher and higher, farther and farther until he was just a little black speck against the sun.

A healthy, happy life this picture business. Full of healthy, happy men and women. When they work they work hard, terribly hard. When they play they play hard, too. A normal evening up.

Charles Farrell of the Big Time Pictures — *Continued from page 37*

the vast majority of extras for several months. A day or two, maybe a week of work, then fruitless applications at the casting windows.

"Why, I was so broke even the real estate agents wouldn't speak to me," is his illuminating comment on those days.

With several other hopefuls, Farrell pooled meager earnings, and they established themselves in a shack in the hills. The interior might well serve as the setting for a drama, "Hardships of an Extra." They rigged up a barrel with a short length of hose in lieu of a shower. Personal pants-pressing was done with a hand-iron heated on an ancient stove.

The call of the East—Cape Cod, in particular, where his father owns several movie houses—became strong for young Farrell. Especially when Frank Borzage, who was to guide him to world-wide prominence in *7th Heaven* within two years, advised him to turn to something else for a career. Charley had asked Frank for a job as an extra.

"I thought Charley was like a lot of other good-looking young fellows seeking something easy to do," said Borzage subsequently. "We've often kidded each other since about it. I certainly thought then that I was giving him the right steer."

After getting some notice in a minor role in *Sandy*, Farrell began going East cinematically. On a set of old Salem, Massachusetts, built on Catalina Island, he started acting in *Old Ironsides*. He finished that big photodrama as a big hit, still in Catalina but in the harbor of Tripoli in make-believe.

Figuratively, Farrell stepped off *Old Ironsides* to go to Texas and Cuba for *The Rough Riders*—still going East from Hollywood, you will note. Then as the lovable Chico in *7th Heaven*, he spent many months on a set of the Parisian slums.

Next he went to Arabia, Venice and Paris as the locales of *Fazil*, a drama of an Eastern prince and his Continental bride.

In *Street Angel*, in which he shares plaudits with Janet Gaynor, as in *7th Heaven*, *Farrell* became Angelo, a street artist of old Napoli. His latest vehicle to be completed is *The Red Dance*, in which he voyages on the screen to Moscow of other days.

In other words, this Massachusetts boy has travelled some, and is still travelling. From his first success in *Old Ironsides* Farrell has been playing in big-time pictures—which have enjoyed prosperous runs in the Broadway 'legitimate' theatres. His career so far has been just one big-time picture after another.

What the Stars Think About the Talkers *Continued from page 23*

present picture for Mr. Goldwyn, *The Rescue*. The symphony orchestra score and the sound effects will give us important new dramatic values. Then there will be a short talking sequence which will come at a strikingly dramatic moment carrying that moment to new heights, we hope. It is in this kind of use of sound devices that I think this interesting change will reach its greatest achievements.

—o—

She shares with Dolores Costello the honor of being the first girl to be heard as well as seen on the screen —as the heroine of *The Lion and the Mouse.*

By *May McAvoy*

The screen star who has been in the silent movies for years and knows everything about the screen there is to know, perhaps often falls into a rut because there is nothing new to interest him. Here the Vitaphone comes in, bringing to the perhaps somewhat bored actor a new means of expression, a new sphere in which to show his capabilities. Just as a person wearies of a position that he has kept for years, so does a movie hero begin to find work dull after he has been on the screen for a long time. He longs for something to give him a new inspiration and to help him awake the same enthusiasm he had when he starterd.

If he knows he has to talk to his public for the first time, he must begin studying at once. He feels that he is at school again, learning something entirely new in preparation for a new career.

—o

He was a stock-company matinee idol before he went into pictures, and now he numbers his audiences by millions.

By *Richard Dix*

Talking pictures have overtaken us too suddenly to make any definite statements about their success or failure. Like every new venture there are the optimists, and the pessimists. I prefer to sit on the fence and watch developments, without putting my hat in the ring. There is little doubt that the talking picture marks definite progress in the motion picture field, and none of us connected with this work can refuse to recognize its importance. I will be more than willing to make a talking picture, for experimentation if nothing else, for one cannot stand still in any industry. A year from now, even six months from now, ask me what I think of talking pictures, and I may have something startling to say.

—o—

One of the premier comediennes of her time, she brings her comic art from vaudeville and revue to the movie—*My Man.*

By *Fannie Brice*

Having been in the laugh-making business for many years, I know just what there is in my work that produces mirth. Sometimes it is in the turn of the head or a shrug of the shoulders at the crucial moment, but most of the time it is the dialect that I use and the twists and turns it gives to an ordinary monologue, that tickles the risibilities of my audience. I had never before considered going into the movies because I knew that I should be a complete failure as though I had given a pantomime on the stage. It could possibly be funny for a few minutes, but no longer.

Now through the Vitaphone I have a new field to conquer. This remarkable instrument is the only thing that could ever have been responsible for my going into the movies, and now I am happy to be in them. I don't care about silence any more than any other woman does who is accustomed to 'talk.'

—o—

The personification of young male America, he has risen rapidly from the extra ranks until today he is one of our foremost leading men.

By *Richard Arlen*

The biggest thing that has happened in motion picture history! There is no doubt that sound and talking pictures will revolutionize our work. It is certain to make the players' work more exacting and difficult, and production will take an enormous crew of technicians as well as a longer period of time for the completion of each picture. With careful training, almost any voice can develop correctly, so I think there is little basis in the belief that the present players will be affected by the talking innovation.

—o—

First famous as John Barrymore's leading lady, she has made good on her own, and in *Tenderloin* she spoke to her audiences for the first time since her musical comedy days.

By *Dolores Costello*

The Vitaphone has reached a stage of development which will call for a general weeding-out process in the picture business. Those people who train their voices for the stage will remain on the screen. The others will find there is no place for them in the 'talkies.' There will be no more phenomenal jumps from extra to star by mere chance or by winning a beauty contest. A star will be made only through intensive study and those who are not willing to devote their time to it will be compelled to drop out.

I am convinced that in time the silent drama will be a thing of the past and will be looked back to as the incipient real moving picture in which the characters not only move but talk.

—o—

He served his apprenticeship on the English stage but as a movie comedian his popularity has become international.

By *Reginald Denny*

Talking pictures cannot be international in scope and by introducing the talking picture American producers are encouraging foreign countries to do the same with pictures in which the talking is in French, German, Italian, Swedish, etc. If talking pictures spread, American producers will find the foreign market absolutely reduced to a minimum, the only sale being of silent films. The technique of a talking picture is more like the stage. That means little action and a lot of talking. What has made pictures the success they are is that they have got outside the sphere of the theater and can take the audience any place in the world. Pictures are sold by action, stage plays by dialogue. So you can see that in releasing an English talking picture in France where the talking must be in French subtitles you have a slow draggy picture which will not be able to compete either with a photoplay made to be silent or with a French 'talkie.'

—o—

The Hungarian blonde beauty who was discovered by Samuel Goldwyn has become an American favorite since *The Dark Angel.*

By *Vilma Banky*

I don't feel that talking and silent pictures should be mixed. To my mind a picture should be either all talking or completely silent. Many will not agree with me on this but it remains as a personal conviction. The two techniques are so different that I do not feel that they can be combined successfully.

On the side of 'effects' and music I think sound devices are perfectly wonderful. As an accompaniment to dramatic action they will make better and more effective every story with which they are used.

—o—

Vilma's handsome husband has a different opinion and perhaps he can induce his wife to change her mind and make a Talker with him!

By *Rod La Rocque*

The future of the talking picture offers unlimited possibilities, and the objectors to it are like those who objected to the first picturized close-up or like those who judge children of tender years by the standards of maturity. They say with the air of professors that the talking picture can do this or cannot do that when really they know nothing about it, for there is nothing to compare it with—except as you compare one 'talker' with another—as the new art is in its veriest infancy.

It is a fact that except for technical improvements there has been no radical advance in motion pictures for more than a decade. As an example of what I mean, there was little or no change from the date of *The Whispering Chorus* to that of *The Ten Commandments*. There have been improvements mechanically, in camera work, effects, lighting; direction has been fine; but there has been no improvement in titles. It is about time we developed artistically, and to my thinking the talking picture offers us the renaissance or New Birth of the art.

It will create writers and directors who must fit words to action and action to words, who must construct scenes psychologically and humanly. It will bring back to us the value of words and the value of the voice.

No longer will the camera have to hop about from room to room to establish minor facts essential to the progress of the action. You can have speech from off-stage characters, just as in the legitimate drama. Instead of long footage made in the next room, a few spoken words will convey the idea even more effectively. The world's shortest and most dramatic sentence—*Jesus wept*—will acquire a poignancy it could never have in printed text.

Here is another point. The photophone personality may be even better than the flesh-and-blood personality. It is well-known there is such a thing as a 'wire personality.' Such agreeable persons will be greatly in demand; in fact, there is no reason why one person cannot pose for the picture and another speak or sing for the voice reproduction.

Ever since she started as Harold Lloyd's leading lady she has been one of the big personal successes of pictures, whether in comedy or drama.

By *Bebe Daniels*

I'm all set; on my mark; ready to go! Talking pictures can't become too popular to suit me. I started on the stage as a child, and have always felt an urge to go back to the talking stage for a season or two. But now that's out, talking pictures have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the legitimate stage. I have been practicing before a microphone so that my voice will be trained for the first talking picture that is assigned to me. Let's go, we're all ready! So are the audiences all over the world.

—o—

There is no part he cannot play and play well, thanks to his innate ability and his training as an extra.

By *Monte Blue*

I confess that I like to be heard. That I usually succeed in being heard is due to the fact that Mother Nature supplied me with indestructible lungs and vocal chords which made it possible for me to emit, from the hour of my birth, such war whoops as would have done credit to the biggest of my Big Injun ancestors.

The rough-neck pursuits by which I earned my daily bread before my motion picture life began made noise-making imperative. In fact it was while voicing my sentiments to a striking gang of ditch-diggers, from the vantage point of a soap-box, that fate, in the person of David Wark Griffith, walked up and offered me a job at haranguing a mob in the picture he was making.

Theatricals were never sought by me, but I have often thought that if I had had my choice I should have picked out spoken acting—instead of the dumb play which leaves so much to the mercy of some more or less competent title-writer. Now along comes Vitaphone and I have my wish. From now on my friends of the movie world will have the opportunity, such as it is, both to 'see and hear' me.

—o—

Her sullen beauty and undoubted dramatic power have made her unique among all the girls of the screen and she has done a lot for the movie underworld.

By *Evelyn Brent*

We all knew it was coming someday. Since the beginning of motion pictures almost twenty years ago constant experimentation has been going on quietly but steadily. I am surprised that talking pictures did not come sooner, but now that they are here, their popularity is a certainty. Almost every motion picture player has secretly longed for an opportunity to play on the legitimate stage. 'Talkies' will bring that opportunity to many of us.

—o—

Europe acclaimed him as one of her most illustrious actors of stage and screen and now America hails him as the star of *The Man Who Laughs*.

By *Conrad Veidt*

I see a great future for talking motion pictures. I think they will entirely replace our present motion pictures. Talking pictures are the merging of the art of the motion picture with the art of the stage and talking pictures will further prove the sisterhood of the two arts. Talking pictures will be a boon to the small towns where only third-rate theatrical troups go. Talking pictures will seriously hurt the speaking stage and when the readjustment period is over we will find many famous stage stars on the talking screen and many of our present screen stars retired because of their lack of elocutional training. Photographic beauty will still be required and this will eliminate many stage stars from screen work. We will have an entirely new classification of actors—those with the photographic personality and beauty of the present screen regime combined with the acting ability of the stage. The voice will be of paramount importance.

—o—

This distinguished actress has made two short Vitaphone subjects as her first contribution to the new combined art of words and movies.

By *Irene Rich*

If the talking picture is successful it will be because it develops a technique entirely different from that of either the stage or the silent drama, although borrowing something from each of its older sisters. So far sound sequences in feature-length pictures have consisted mostly of the human voice synchronized with occasional close-ups of two players talking to each other. People are interested just as they were thrilled by the first victrola and delighted with the radio when these mediums of sound reproductions were introduced. But the novelty will soon wear away and unless an improvement over the present method is developed, I do not think talking pictures will have a long life.

Sound will have to be synchronized with the real action of the picture and not employed solely to speak sub-titles through the medium of close-ups. More effective dialogue will be employed. To this end I believe a new group of writers will be developed in the near future, who will understand both the technique of the stage and the screen and bring something of each to the talking picture. Silent films are restful. Talking films are not. Therefore they must offer more entertainment value.

—o—

The sophisticated portrayer of cynical roles has done much to make movies acceptable to men and women of the world.

By *Adolphe Menjou*

The inability of motion picture stars to speak foreign languages will hinder the production of talking pictures for distribution on an international scale. Movies are distributed internationally, and most of the actors in Hollywood speak English only. How are you going to make talking movies for world consumption when the actors have only one language? And think how it would increase the expense of production.

—o—

She stands for sparkle and youth and light comedy in the screen world, this adept actress who was schooled in the slapstick seminary.

By *Laura La Plante*

Talking pictures are very much in their infancy and are as much of a novelty now as movies were 25 years ago. I believe we will see startling developments in talking pictures within the next few years. I think a photoplay should either be entirely silent or entirely spoken. It is a shock to the picture's continuity suddenly to have a sequence of talking in an otherwise silent picture. However, I do think we will always have silent pictures. Talking pictures will become a third art halfway between stage acting and silent motion picture acting.

—o—

Here is the young man who came from England to step into Ronald Colman's shoes as leading man to the beauteous Banky.

By *Walter Byron*

Because I spent four hard years training my voice for the English musical comedy and dramatic stage, I feel that the arrival of talking pictures provides a great opportunity for Walter Byron. Seriously speaking, I think that after the novelty is worn off the public will accept complete 'talkies' only if there is very great improvement in the reproduction of the voice. So far sound devices do wonderfully with music and effects. This side of them is perfect and a great aid to any picture using it. The talking part, however, is still in course of development, to my way of thinking, and what its final destiny will be we will not know completely until several years have passed.

—o—

Her quaint charm and unusual talents won for her an outstanding place among the younger stars but she eclipsed herself in *Drums of Love*.

By *Mary Philbin*

Talking motion pictures, in my opinion, will not be a prolonged success. They are very much of a novelty right now and for that reason will be financially successful for a time. But when everyone has had his fill they will die. The idea behind the reproduction of sound will live, however, and I think every theater in the country will have talking devices but they will merely reproduce the score to the picture with mechanical sounds that are purely atmospheric, such as cheering crowds, gun shots, rain, etc. People, I think, do not want phonographic voices with their silent drama, for voices call for greater attention of the ear than our present motion pictures do of the eye. Relaxation is what most people want when seeing a motion picture and they will not get it with talking films.

—o—

One of the most dependable actors on the screen, he still knows how to be interesting at the same time—the secret of his steady following.

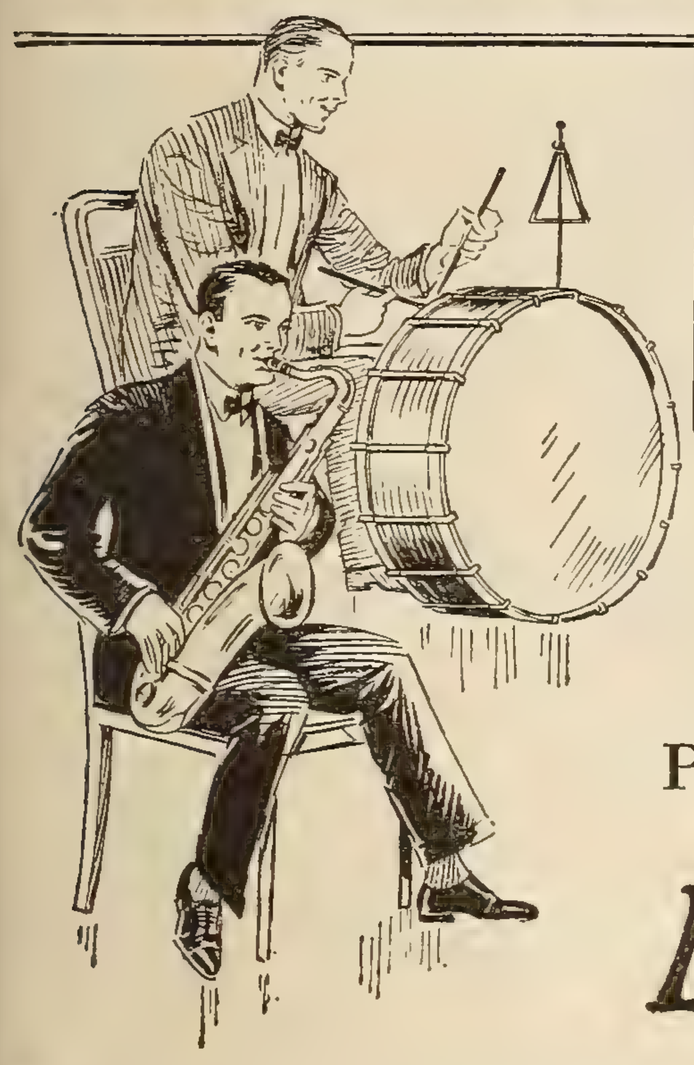
By *Warner Baxter*

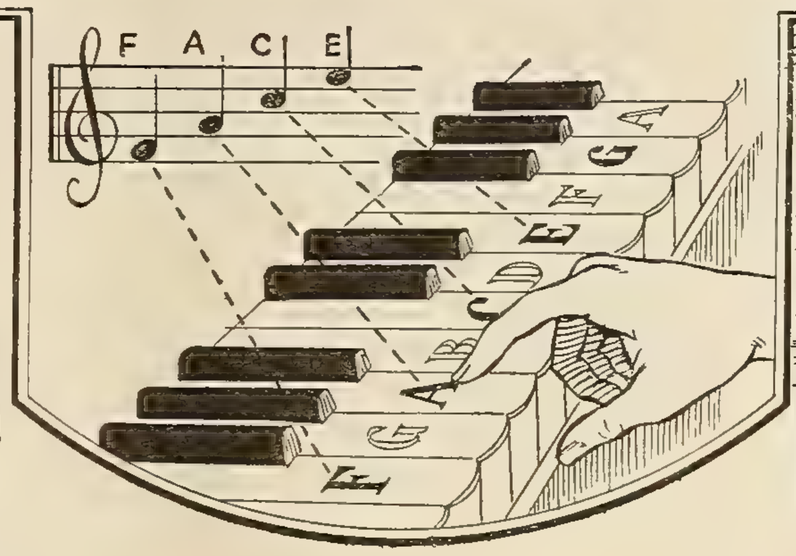
The future of the Talker is uncertain. As a former stage actor I naturally welcome it, but as a screen player I feel that in certain kinds of motion pictures audience illusion would be destroyed by spoken words. For example, it seems to me that ever to give voice to *Seventh Heaven* would be to ruin it. The present technique of motion pictures when it shall have attained the third dimension, i.e., depth and solidity of images—will approximate perfection.

At times I want the silent drama and at other times the drama that talks. I think audiences share this feeling that the two are separate and distinct fields. We shall always have our beautiful silent drama, the art of pantomime raised to its highest expression; but alongside this we shall have another art, that of the talking pictures. How far that art will go, is the factor of uncertainty. Certain kinds of stories will be found suitable to it, others not. Naturally I should be glad to work in either field, according to the appropriateness of the medium and the artistic carrying out of the author's intention.

Half a Million People

have learned music this easy way





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Easy as A-B-C

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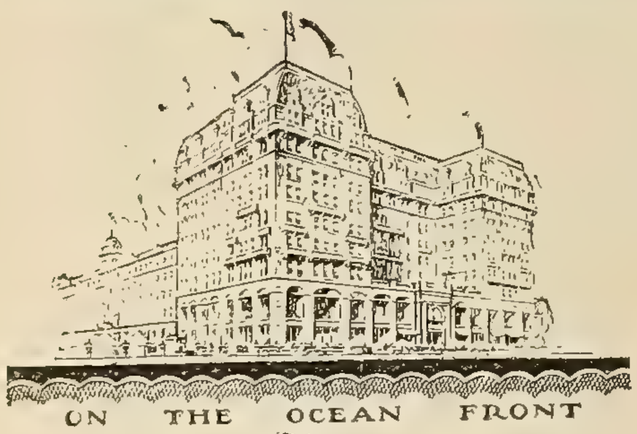

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CURTIS A. HALE, *Managing Director*

Rosa Reilly's Reviews — *Continued from page 51*

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE!

What all women need, if you ask me, is not a new brand of cigarettes or a dashy recipe for gin cocktails, but what they all need is a novel dose of movie comedy.

Now, I'll tell you a secret. Most girls don't like picture comedies. They won't admit it because they realize they're admitting they haven't much sense of humor. But it's true. Women haven't a great sense of humor. I'm one and I know. But here's the funny part. Every woman likes Reginald Denny's stuff. And the reason for it is he's such a delightful cuss that even when he's clowning around, women are sighing—between laughs—and thinking: 'Oh what a lover that romantic looking Denny would make if he'd only stop that comedy business.'

In his new picture, *Good Morning, Judge,* Denny is as funny as ever and twice as good-looking. He falls in love with Mary Nolan, a mission worker, and pretends to be a crook just so he can hang aroung and be reformed. The climax is a lot of laughs in which Otis Harlan does great work.

SHOOTING STARS

A few months ago, Anthony Asquith, son of the famous Margot Asquith and of Great Britain's late ex-Premier, decided to visit Hollywood. While he was there he sold a producer on an idea for a film of English life. And strange to relate, the result of this idea is not half bad.

Everybody likes to read stories about screen stars and everybody likes to see pictures of studio life. Working on this theory young Anthony got together an amazingly sensitive scenario concerning the lives of a married couple, Mae Feather and Julian Gordon, both English film stars.

Mae is offered a position in Hollywood provided she does not get mixed up in any scandal. She accepts the offer and is ready to leave when her husband discovers her love for Andy Wilks, a comedian. Threatened with divorce and scandal, she is driven to the wall. In a moment of frustration she puts a live cartridge into the gun which is to be pointed at her husband in a certain movie scene. The gun goes off and kills her lover instead of her husband.

At this point the film is superb, as the dead comedian is carried past the husband and wife on the set. There is another sequence, too, the scene in the great Cathedral, where 'back-stage' life in the studio is revealed with startling reality.

An excellent beginning in the right direction is this young Englishman's first effort in screen supervision.

THE GIRL HE DIDN'T BUY

This is the kind of a picture that gives me a vast stomach ache. It's about a stage producer who gets all huffed up because the girl he promised to star 'won't be nice to him.'

Cecil de Mille once said if he had made love to every girl that he was supposed to have made love to he'd have little time left to direct pictures. Well, what goes for Cecil goes for Broadway producers, too. Most of them look after their business by day and go home to the suburbs at night more excited over their low golf score than over the ravishing curves of some young maiden.

Well, to return to this picture, it gives the usual 'expose' of Broadway, and although it's far from true, there are some back-stage scenes which will make a hit.

If you prefer to believe that producers are 'slimy satyrs' preying on 'innocent youth,' instead of busy business men, this picture is your meat.

A HUSBAND BY PROXY

A celebrated bon vivant of the French boulevards once said: 'Women go wrong solely for two reasons. The first is curiosity; the second, boredom.'

If husbands and lovers only realized what a gift French films are to American womanhood, they would suggest that the wife or the girl friend take in one a week as an emotional tonic. It would rid them of both the curiosity and the boredom. For French bed-room farces leave little to the imagination—only what our censor demands. And our wives and sweethearts file in, sit very solemnly and morally while they watch the French woman 'go wrong!' Then they come home with that 'holier than thou' feeling and start off quite cheerfully making peach shortcake for supper.

A Husband by Proxy is the type of film that will pacify a bored or curious woman. It's a queer mixed-up affair of French high life, bronze keys fitted to bed-room doors, husband and lover and true French naughtiness all poured in together in *grande passion* style.

If you enjoyed Murnau's *Faust* you'll like to see again Gosta Ekman who played in that film.

HELLO, CHEYENNE!

"Cheyenne, Shy Ann
Hop on my pony,
There's room here
For two, dear.
And after the ceremony
We'll ride home, dear, as one!"

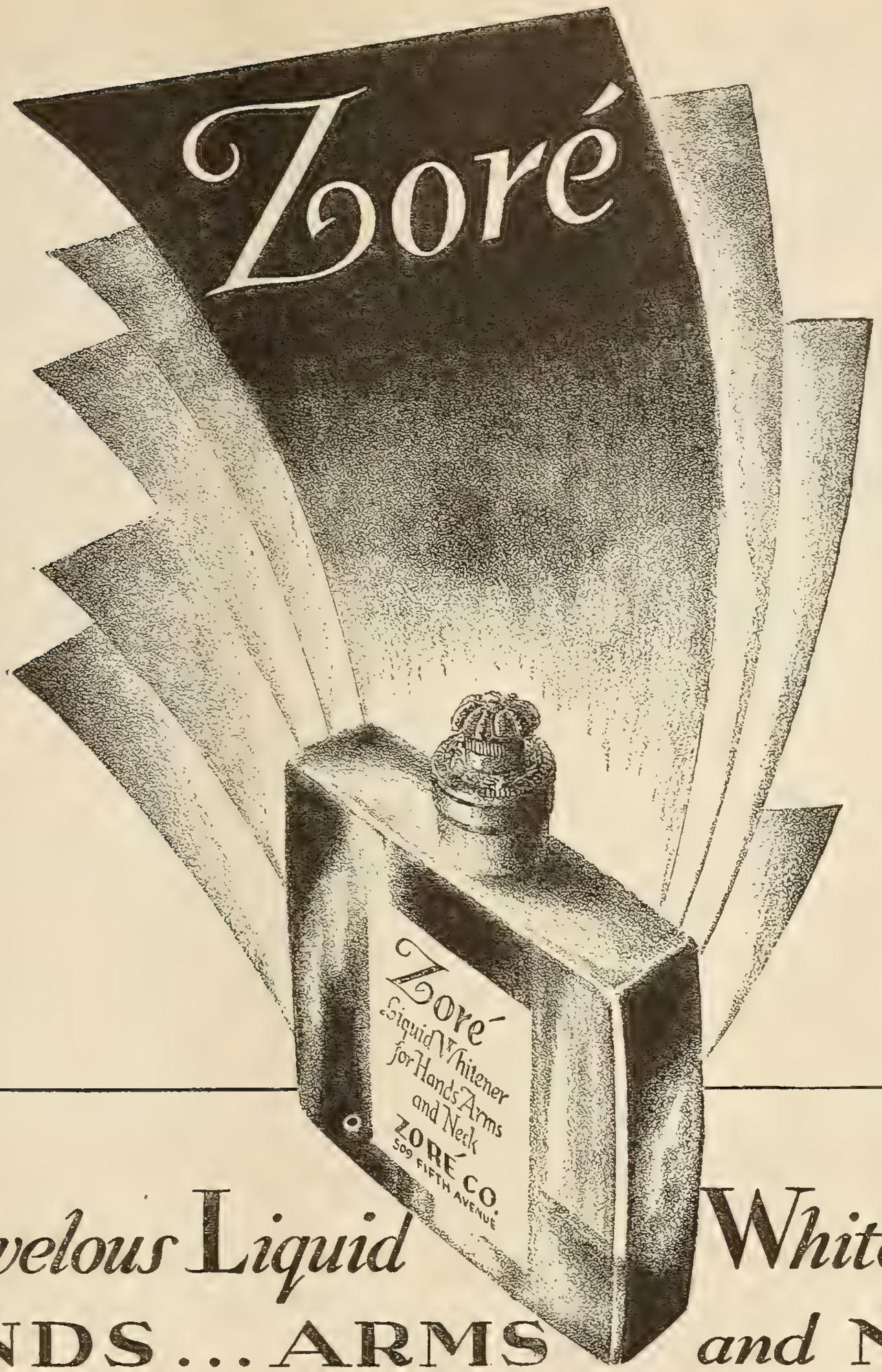
That's it—Tom Mix and a western girl, two rival telephone companies trying to be the first to finish a line between Rawhide and Cheyenne. The girl's father heads one company, and of course, with the aid of Tom Mix, wins the day.

A picture with plenty of punch.

DOMESTIC TROUBLE

Just as Jack Gilbert wants to play bad men, and Mary Pickford wants to play grown-ups, so would Louise Fazenda like to be something else besides a comedy character with her hair pulled off her ears. Well, in *Domestic Trouble,* she had a shot at another role. She played a vamp. Back to the funny stuff for you, Louise. It's tough but true! She seemed all wrong as a vamp. You get what I mean? She wasn't actually wrong but we are so used to seeing her the other way we can't switch our minds around fast enough to satisfy ourselves that she would make a good vamp.

But wait a minute boys, all is not lost. You had better take in this picture, just the same. And you'd better leave the girl wife at home, for there's a fast-working, slow-moving blonde heart-breaker in this film who'll win your eyes. Her name is Jean Laverty. And she is large, but luscious.



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In New York — *Continued from page 31*

trunks. She may have been tired but she didn't look it. Instead of a sophisticated, silken charmer, she turned out to be a piquant, very young, very nice girl—with golden hair and blue, blue eyes. she isn't strictly beautiful except when she smiles; but who wants beauty to be strict?

The camera has never really done right by our Greta. That's why, although she had all the offers she wanted in Hollywood, she came back to New York and accepted the lead in the Gilbert Miller stage play about movie life, called *Double Exposure,* because the part appealed to her. You feel that Miss Nissen is like that. She'd turn down lots of money if she didn't happen to like the part. She loves pictures but she likes the stage, too—and of course she has always been a sensation on the stage, ever since she was a dancing star at eighteen in Norway, and royalty applauded her. Until you have seen Greta dance, by the way, you have seen very little of Life.

"I never have the breaks in pictures," she says, smiling but a little wistful. "I wonder why?" The way she said it made me want to rush right out and gather in the breaks and bring them back to her. She had high hopes for *Fazil.* She saw the stage play in Paris five years ago and loved it. She was so happy when she was given the part in the picture, and studied it very earnestly and put her heart into it. But when she saw the picture—she broke down and cried. She was so disappointed. She hopes *Hell's Angels* will be better.

New York went wild over Greta Nissen once and will probably do it again. She was the toast of the town the day after *Beggar on Horseback* had its premier. Everybody on Broadway was raving about the beautiful blonde Scandinavian girl who made the Princess of the fairy-tale such a poetic and alluring figure. Film offers came her way and she accepted Paramount's. But somehow the beauty that blazes so brilliantly on the stage has never been captured by the camera. Greta may yet get 'the breaks.' What she needs is the combination of perfect part and perfect story and direction that Janet had in *Seventh Heaven.* And when Greta gets hers—watch out!

* * *

And it *was* Lon Chaney!

In person, without make-up, not a moving picture. Mr. Chaney, in the flesh, is a nice man. I won't say you don't quake a bit in his presence. He inspires awe. He is serious and dignified and you can't imagine cracking any of those jokes beginning 'Don't step on it!' while he is around. You don't want to. He commands respect, and gets it. A stockily-built man of medium-height with brown hair and penetrating eyes, he sat down and talked smoothly and intelligently about pictures. He is really interested in his work. It's a part of him—a big part.

"My contract has four more years to run," he said with a smile—and Lon Chaney's half-smile is the most human and appealing thing about him, "and at the end of that time I think I will retire. I say I *think* I will—I know that I won't! I will never retire as long as there is life in me. Idleness is the worst thing that can happen to any man. I have worked all my life and I wouldn't know what to do if I stopped."

His work is real work, too. Not the carefree, casual, playful routine of a handsome leading man, but hard labor. Often he is at the studio at six o'clock beginning to put on a long and difficult make-up. The public knows he twists his body into grotesque contortions in the interests of a character but it doesn't know the hours of application necessary to achieve the effect. The part he likes best is the part that offers him a problem to solve—whether of intricate make-up or subtle shadings.

Chaney is no mystery man. Because he flatly refuses to read and answer fan mail, because he won't permit the publicity men at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio to follow him to his vacation lodge, because he dodges interviewers, he has the reputation of being as inscrutable as Sokin looks. Actually, he is a keen, clever business man, a good husband and father, and a helpful friend. Incidentally, he is a great actor.

* * *

If you imagined Janet Gaynor on her first trip to New York as a sort of awed, shy, naive Janet-in-Wonderland, change your mind. Janet turned out to be as self-possessed as Queen Marie. Those big brown eyes and reddish-gold hair and childish mouth, not to mention the just-five-feet of feminity, would lead you to expect a sweet, shy, Kate Greenaway character. Nothing shy about Janet. She was the guest of honor at a studio tea given by a famous artist, at a Broadway first night, innumerable teas and luncheons and dinners and parties—and she remained poised, confident, cool, and calm. The only childish thing about her is her voice, that of a child of twelve. Janet forestalls any surprise on your part by laughing at that voice and adding: "It isn't like me at all."

She looks like a big doll that some good papa is going to wrap up and take home to his little girl. But she is sensible and sane and gives the impression of a good business woman rather than a glamourous movie girl. Her success has not gone to her head. You feel she expected it all the time—and after all it is only when it comes as a surprise that it can be upsetting. Janet reminds me of Mary Pickford—the same calm sweet assurance, the same shrewd and clever outlook.

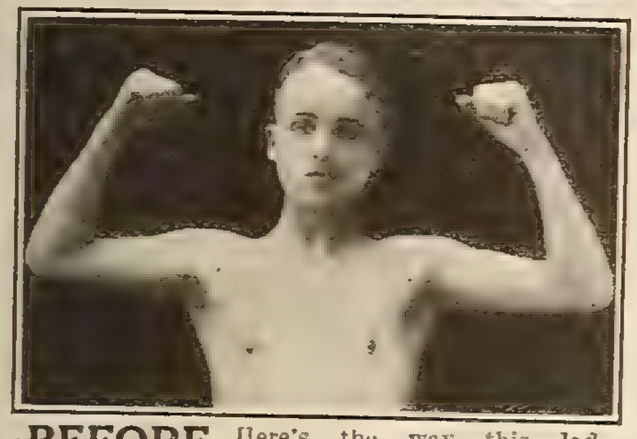
Janet says when she works, she works, and no nonsense about it. Some of the players kid around a set and then when the director calls 'Ready!' they can snap into a sad scene and cry their eyes out. Not Janet. She must think herself into the mood before the scene is to be shot so that she can really project the feeling of her character into the camera.

"When we were making *4 Devils,*" she said, "we were waiting around the set and cutting up and having fun. Then Mr. Murnau called us to get ready. I went on the set and acted, as I supposed, with the proper dignity and gravity the scene demanded, but Murnau saw that underneath the acting I was still happy and laughing. I had to do it over again until I was in just the right mood. You can't fool Murnau!"

She still likes *7th Heaven* better than anything she has done, although she said she hadn't seen *4 Devils* yet. Murnau refuses to permit his players to see the 'rushes,' maintaining it tends to make them self-conscious.

Janet and her mother came east by the Panama Canal so that the little star could have a good rest. As it turned out it was

Make This Test TO-NIGHT!



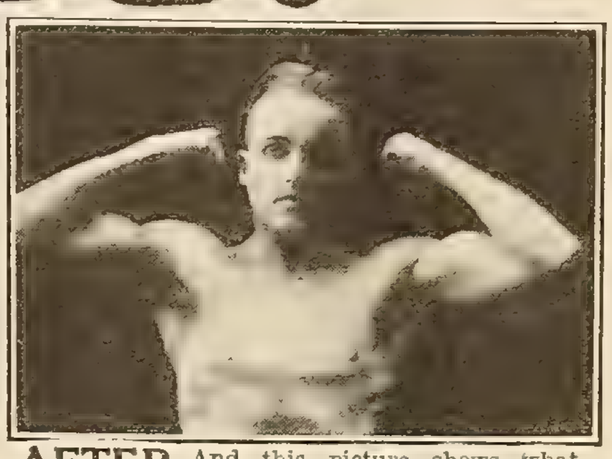
BEFORE Here's the way this lad looked before he wrote to Titus. A pale-faced, soft, undeveloped lad. He certainly needed help.

BEFORE you hop into bed tonight, try this: strip down to your birthday suit and stand in front of your mirror. Look yourself over.

What do you see? A fine, upstanding specimen of a MAN—splendidly proportioned, superbly muscled, glowing with health and vitality? Or do you see a flabby sickly sort of fellow, with sunken chest, bloodless-looking flesh, scrawny arms and legs?

Compare yourself with the pictures on this page. Which do you resemble most—the one labelled "BEFORE," or the one labelled "AFTER"?

But don't worry if you're not the man you'd like to be. We'll soon fix *that*. You see what I did for the boys shown here—well, that's what I'm going to do for YOU. Yes *sir*, just give me a few minutes a day in your own home—and watch your muscles GROW! Say, a few weeks of Titus Training will make you over!



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fortunate she had that rest for she didn't get it here. The Gaynors were literally in *7th Heaven* during their stay—high up in a luxurious suite at a palatial Fifth Avenue hotel. They were feted and cheered. But—just to show you what I mean when I say that Janet is first, last, and always a wise business woman, in the midst of her trip to fairy-land she found time to collect 'atmosphere' in the interests of a forthcoming film by spending a day at Gimbel's Department Store incognito, as a sales-girl. None of the matrons and school-girls who purchased or 'just looked' at Misses Dresses that day ever suspected that a famous movie star was masquerading in the demure, efficient little clerk! New York liked Janet.

* * *

Pola and her Prince, or the Prince and his Pola, whichever way you wish to put it, spent a hectic day or two in town on their way to Europe for a vacation. Hectic, because Pola was almost continually 'in conference.' Conferences are things that happen to movie stars and big business men. Pola's were in the interests of her future motion pictures. She is through with Paramount—her last is *The Woman from Moscow*. Several companies are said to be bidding for her services. Ironically enough her two final films for Paramount are her best. Never has she looked so magnificent—never, that is, since her days of *Passion*. She may make a picture or two abroad. But she wouldn't commit herself before sailing.

* * *

I didn't know what to expect when I went to see Raymond Hatton while he and Mrs. Hatton were vacationing here. I mean I expected almost anything. I have seen him play every part under the sun and the moon, from park-bench bums to Park Avenues aristos. I'll admit I wasn't prepared for the dapper, blue-eyed and very charming man I found. Raymond Hatton has that immaculately scrubbed look and you can't see how he can possibly transform himself into one of the disreputable characters he delights in playing. He is a veteran picture player who doesn't look it—one of the old-timers who is going stronger than ever today. He could apply for work as a juvenile if he wanted to—and get the job. But he doesn't want to. He loves characters.

Hatton knows his movies—and loves 'em. "I wouldn't have stayed in pictures all this time if I didn't," he says. "The only fault I have to find with pictures is not in the pictures, but in the practice of forcing too much of a good thing down the unprotected public throat. It's like asking a man if he likes bananas and when he answers yes, handing him a whole bunch. When the public likes a certain picture, it is immediately surfeited with dozens just like it."

Mr. Hatton himself has suffered from this sort of thing. He and Wallace Beery co-starred in a rollicking comedy called *Behind the Front*. It clicked. So the company has starred them in similar situations in no less than six consecutive pictures. As a result Raymond Hatton has played the same character over and over again—when he is one of the great character actors of the screen and is simply yearning for a chance to prove it again. From now on he says he will try to select his roles with discrimination. He hopes to appear in talkers and has already received many offers but he is biding his time. He has earned a vacation. He used to be on the stage, you know, and his fine, mellow voice will be a great help if he goes into speakies. He is one of the lucky ones!

* * *

A vision appeared in the doorway of the SCREENLAND office. At first she was mistaken for Gretel out of the fairy-tale; then for Brunnhilde out of the opera, and finally for Lorelei out of German legend. Then it all came out. She was Eva von Berne, Metro-Goldwyn's latest little import. She had just landed from Germany and was on her way to Hollywood. She was discovered by Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg during their recent European jaunt. A five-year contract was Eva's reward for being blonde—of the reddish variety—and gray-eyed and seventeen. The eyes, by the way, boast long black lashes. She 'had no English' except 'Whoopee' and 'Ronald Colman.' The latter is her favorite film star and the former needs no explanation.

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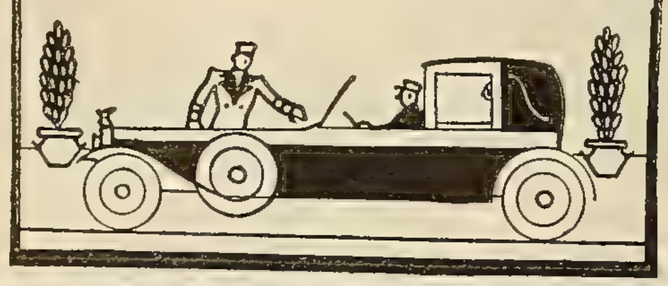

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Lon Chaney Speaks for the Criminals Whom He Understands — *Continued from page 29*

"Well," said Chaney, "I guess I just saw what I could see on the street—humanity.

"Of course, in my business I have to look for types—types that can be reproduced by make-up and acting in a screen play, and one can find an interesting type almost anywhere. As a matter of fact, when one goes to a prison to find a criminal type for a screen role, one usually is disappointed. For the screen character has to look like what the public will feel is an evil nature. The man in prison who has transgressed the law usually doesn't look his part at all.

"Judge Louis Brodsky, of the Municipal Court in New York, gave me a great deal of interesting information. I sat on the bench with him and watched prisoner after prisoner pass by in the Night Court, and then the judge discussed cases. He's a wonderful man, Judge Brodsky; one of the keenest analysts of human nature I ever saw, and a man who has managed to keep his humanitarian viewpoint despite his long service on a bench that might well make a man 'hard boiled.'

"The most villainous face we saw in the night court belonged, he explained to me afterward, to a welfare worker, and the most dangerous criminal we saw was a mild and dapper little fellow who I was told was really venomous as a cobra. So physical appearance doesn't exactly echo a character. John Hoyle, former warden of San Quentin, and father of prison reform in the West, was a great friend of mine, and a wonderful character. He looked more like a prize fighter than the leading prison humanitarian of his time.

"I could well understand what Judge Brodsky told me about these cases, because, after all, I'd found out the same thing in acting criminal roles. It's not enough to put on a strange disguise—you can make up with all the physical marks of the screen villain until you're blue in the face—(and that's no joke—we use blue paint to make up a villain's jowls, you know)—and still, unless you can do more than that, you don't impress the audience with your villainy. You have to put it over by looking at the audience and thinking it. After all, the real secret of make-up is in the actor's brain, and not in the way he paints his face."

"But you really get your characters from life, don't you?"

"Yes—but seldom from one particular real-life character," said Chaney. "For instance, there was 'Singapore Joe' in *The Road to Mandalay*. He was a one-eyed renegade in a water-front dive in Singapore, who had once been a sea captain and came from a good family. The idea for the make-up I got from a one-eyed organ-grinder in the Italian quarter in San Francisco. That was the facial part of it. The idea of the character I got from a dive-keeper in Tia Juana who told me he was educated for the ministry.

"The original of the character in *The Unholy Three* came from the city prison in Berkeley, where the University of California is. August Vollmer, police chief and criminologist, told me of a hotel thief he had arrested who was also a physician, and this man's psychology gave me a detailed idea for 'Professor Echo.' Incidentally, I understand his man reformed, and, after serving his term and taking his medicine, has rehabilitated himself in society.

"And this is the pith of the matter of prison reform. Coddling prisoners does no good. It gives them only a contempt for those who coddle them, and a desire to take advantage of their misguided benefactors. You can't reform a man by preaching to him, but only make him more antagonistic to the reform.

"Sensible treatment, such as in the case of Vollmer and the erring physician, does the work. I have talked to hundreds of convicts, and never found one who showed any self-pity, or who wailed that he wasn't getting a square deal. Their viewpoint is that they're taking their medicine, and will take it like men.

"Police Commissioner Joseph A. Warren told me some of the things they were attempting to do in New York in this line that interested me a lot, because it was right along the line I have always tried to take in depicting a character. I always try to keep the character from showing any self-pity, not only because it alienates the sympathy of the audience from the character, but because I have felt that it is basically incorrect. I believe a man knows perfectly well when he deserves what's coming to him.

"Well, that's the theory in New York. Commissioner Warren handles a prisoner in the assumption that that prisoner has no self-pity in his make-up. He doesn't promise to lighten punishment—he knows and the prisoner knows that the man has to take his medicine. But, if the man wants to go straight, the Commissioner will give him every chance. In prison they try to find out just where a man's moral fiber has deteriorated, and correct the trouble there. Some men go into crime because of a thrill complex—and often this can be guided into other channels. In other words, they find something that's legal and moral that will supply the thrill craved by this particular mentality. And this is corrective reform. They don't take the view that the prisoner is sick, exactly, but do realize that the prisoner is something like my pot of grease-paint: that he can be readjusted by supplying the correct change in mental formula. For instance, a hold-up man got thrills out of taking risks, now gets the same thrill out of being an electric lineman—so he takes the chances his mental make-up requires that way—and is a useful member of society. Commissioner Warren told me many instances like this, and described them in detail.

"It just goes back to what I said before—the average convict doesn't plead to be treated humanely, but asks to be treated intelligently. Men don't cry for mercy as often as they cry for Justice.

"I have dozens of letters from convicts commenting on my screen roles, and all say the same thing: that they appreciate most of my characters because, no matter how evil the characters are, there is always some redeeming spot of good in them. In *The Big City* I played a gangster, for instance, but despite his criminal activities this fellow wouldn't stand for seeing a young girl misled. I'll wager you'll find this true of almost any one of them.

"You see, a man faces a sort of moral fence, and sometimes he'll be on one side of it, and sometimes on the other. He may yield to temptation, or perhaps get a wrong slant on a certain angle of morality; maybe

he'll crave thrills and discover an illegal way of getting them. But no man is one hundred percent bad—any more than he is one hundred percent good. Leading men of the screen today let their characters show little weaknesses to make them human, and villains have to show little spots of good in theirs—because the public wants human nature on the screen."

"Did you find the New York system radically different from those in other police forces?" I asked him.

"Well, yes," said Chaney. "Of course, New York is the largest city in the world, and has perhaps the most variegated population, which means many more problems in police procedure. When I was invited to go through the works, I begged Mayor Walker to see that it wasn't as a sort of sightseer, but as a student, for I knew I could get many valuable ideas. At first the boys all wanted to show me things that might amuse me—everybody wanted to do something in recognition of the role of New York policeman I played in *While the City Sleeps*. But when I began to ask questions they began to be interested in showing me the practical workings of things.

"In the first place, the New York police force is run like an army. The new generation of policemen is recruited from splendidly built young fellows; I think some of the finest specimens I have ever seen, and these are sent to a police school where they are trained, much after the fashion of army training.

"The identification rooms are equipped with ultra-modern scientific apparatus and run by the best experts to be found, and the narcotic squad is another group of specialists. Nothing is done on guesswork that can be based on science—from chemical analysis of suspected drugs to psychological reform methods for prisoners.

"We went over to Welfare Island, where we got a great idea of the huge strides taken in reform work. Many reform schools even today are universities of crime; New York has solved this problem by substituting healthy interests for preachments and healthy exercises for severe punishments. Just common sense—that's all.

"Judge Brodsky told me that many prisoners in New York's institutions are studying in correspondence schools, and that this is encouraged as equipping a prisoner to cope with life outside, as well as substituting a certain interest for the one that probably led to his downfall.

"Even the gangster situation in New York has materially changed, through efficient work of the new school of police procedure. Today the average policeman is respected even by the criminals; in olden days it was different. As soon as the gangs began to respect the police, it made handling them an entirely different problem."

"Will what you learned in New York be of any practical value to you as an actor?" I asked.

"Yes," promptly answered Chaney. He pulled a small sketch book from the drawer of his table and flipped the pages. "Here," he said, "are some twenty sketches, each one the basis of a new make-up, gleaned from the Night Court and the Tombs. That's one thing I got that is of great value.

"Then, again, I got the viewpoint of Judge Brodsky, and will some day try to show how substitution of a healthy for an unhealthy interest may solve the crime problem. Perhaps in this way I may be doing a little good to the cause of sensible prison reform; at any rate I'll be enacting roles that tell the truth."

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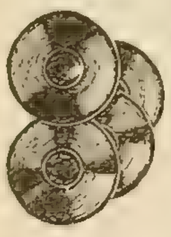

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Harold Lloyd's New Home

Continued from page 49

great to play golf and fish and laze around but it would be hell if I had to do it all the time!"

Then there is Ruth Roland who was called 'Batty Ruth' in the old days because, with every cent she could scrape together, she bought real estate. Now she can thank her own shrewd thinking for the millions standing in her name.

There are dozens more but this story is about Harold and Mildred Lloyd, and the home that they built for their baby.

Four or five years ago Harold found the location he thought ideal for the home he wanted to build. It belonged to Colonel Benedict and was considered one of the most beautiful scenic spots in Beverly Hills. It reminded him of the hills of Fiesole which surrounded Florence, Italy. And Harold loves Italy. So he bought sixteen acres of the Benedict tract. From them one overlooks Hollywood and Los Angeles on the east, Beverly Hills, the Pacific Ocean and Catalina—on a clear day. As a gesture toward truth I am bound to add 'on a clear day.' We haven't had one during the six weeks I have been here, though I speak without bitterness, for being a native I adore the golden state in all her moods.

Planning the layout for the new estate gave these two fun-loving children — for they are hardly more than children—a great deal of enjoyment.

Did they toot their horn and make a big noise about the house that would be completed in six months with a pool and trees and roses and grass, as many California houses are constructed, just as though they had always been? Had they large plans for an immediate and elaborate housewarming? Indeed, no. Harold carries a wise head around on those shoulders of his and he knows that anything done in a hurry will not stand the test of time.

What they particularly wanted was a place with a solid foundation; a place that was an unfoldment of their ideals for comfort and livableness. A place that would be a *home* for generations to come.

It was not to be a showy place but it was to have everything on it that bespoke happiness and comfort. This sort of a place would cost a lot of money to begin and to maintain, and Harold Lloyd waited until he was sure of his income before he turned a stone.

With this idea in mind Harold selected his landscape gardener and architect with great care, planning everything with them. The highest knoll was picked for the house site, the land falling away from it in graceful natural terraces on both sides until it reached the road level 150 feet below. Landscaping was begun first, nearly four years ago. You see what a deliberate mind Harold has.

The natural terraces were taken advantage of and provided excellent locations for gardens and pleasure grounds to fit every mood. Just a stone's throw from the house is an enclosed Italian garden with a lily pond 15 by 40 feet. Only yellow and pure white lilies are planted here. Around the pool is a cement walk with a three-foot border of flowers graduated in color from white to yellow and from yellow to deep orange, and in height from three inches to four feet. The whole is enclosed by a cypress hedge, with stone benches at either end, the lower one with a strange pergola to shelter one from the sun—a wonderful retreat to dream in.

Once outside this walled garden all changes. For miles beyond lies the open country. Below lies the golf course and the falls with a hundred-foot cascade gurgling and splashing in the sunshine. In the dry season, water for this is furnished by an artesian well which also supplies the canoe course. The canoe course is 800 feet in length and winds through the golf course providing a water hazard on each hole. This nine-hole golf course is one of the most interesting ever laid, so the professional golfers say, and almost all the headliners have played over it. It was completed nearly three years ago and once every twelfth month since then a tournament has been held. The record play is 28, held by Eddie Loos. Par is 32.

At a convenient distance from the first hole is a barbecue with pavilion and tables. It is of such size that a party of two or three hundred people could be catered to.

"That isn't swank," Harold said, fearful that the luxuries of the place might be understood. "We have so many friends and sometimes we want them all together. How much nicer it is to give a party here and a dance in the bathing pavilion than at a hotel. Here they can play tennis, or swim or dance as they like."

It is a restful spot, too, when some of the numerous conferences are held. There is a room at the studio called the 'gag' room, and when Harold and his gag-men have thrashed out every topic and still can't reach a conclusion they often pile in a car and tumble out at the barbecue. The first conference on his new picture was held here.

The canoe course shelters hundreds of wild ducks in winter and Harold refuses to allow anyone to shoot at them. "If they come to me for protection, they'll stay protected," says this lover of all nature.

Then there are the tennis courts and the swimming pool. Such a swimming pool, and see how thoughtfully it was planned. Its dimensions are 35 by 75 reaching a depth of 12 feet. It is of ocean-blue tile and fed by an artesian well. Forming an apron on the outside of one end of it is a shallow pool reaching a depth of three feet if desired for the children. Here baby Mildred and her friends can splash about until they lose their fear of the water, though Harold is going to teach his daughter to swim immediately.

A few feet away is a large pavilion with dressing rooms, hot and cold showers, a kitchen, a commissary and ballroom. Harold objects to the word ballroom. "It isn't a ball-room. That's such a grand-sounding word for it! It has as fine a floor as I could put down, because that is common sense. But there are no frills. It is just a good place to dance in with plenty of air and room to move about."

When baby Gloria came along, a play-ground for her was begun. I don't know what this little Hollywood princess will turn out to be, but if beauty of surroundings and unlimited provision for health and happiness has anything constructive about it great things may be expected of Gloria when she grows up.

Her play-ground covers about half an acre of land and is enclosed by a miniature stone wall about six feet high with a mas-

sive entrance arch for all the world like the fortification of some old medieval castle. Inside there is a perfectly level lawn with a tiny house shaded by two trees. An adult has to stoop to enter this house but once in there is plenty of headroom. There is a living-room, a bedroom, where the child takes her afternoon nap, a bath and a kitchen where her lunch is prepared. In the garden there is a 'tumble board,' two swings, a tiny croquet ground, and toys of all description. Here too, once a day, Miss Gloria takes her sun bath clad *au naturel*.

As the main house is not yet finished the Lloyds use their new place only for parties and recreation, driving over every few days. But even when they move over, which will be in about seven or eight months, baby Gloria will spend most of her time in her own little kingdom where she and her friends can have perfect freedom, neither disturbing nor being disturbed by their elders.

She has her own suite in the big house too, for that is what Mildred spoke of when she said, "It is built around the baby's room." Only she should have said 'rooms' for there are three—her own, her nurse's, a living-room, and a large bath. They are at the extreme end of the house so the child can be utterly undisturbed at night.

The house is built along the lines of Italian architecture, departing from the conventional in order to suit the needs of Mildred and Harold and the comfort of the servants.

The provision made for the servants is one of the most illuminating things concerning the character of the owner. That he was so careful to provide pleasant quarters for his domestic staff shows what a fine, loving nature Harold has. One wing of the house is given over to them. Their bedrooms open on a long gallery where they may sit on a warm evening or sleep if they like. The gallery overlooks a garden and the delivery entrance. Below stretches the valley and beyond the blue of the ocean. The rooms are large, light and airy with two baths, a dining and living room. There is an underground passage that runs from the kitchen to the master's living room, and this is the nicest thing of all, I think. In the living-room there is a pipe organ and above it a movable screen that can be pulled down over it. Here family and friends gather for the unreeling of a picture and the servants, entering at the back of the room which really offers the best view of the picture, are free to come and go as their duty or desire may call, without embarrassment and without disturbing the guests. In this way they enjoy the fun as guests and not as servants. I think Harold and Mildred are peaches for thinking of that and providing for it!

The house itself is steel construction and reinforced concrete, a combination to withstand a pretty severe earthquake should one strike at this part of the country. In the centre is a large patio which will be planted with flowers—oh, there are several patios, and they give light and air to the house. Around this main one run open galleries, on both the ground and second floor, on all four sides. One opens into the formal entrance with cortile and stairhall. This stair will be a wide, beautiful circular affair terminating at the second story. On the ground floor left is a large library with a conference room opening from it, where Harold and his pals can ruminate on the affairs of picture-making. On the right, a small reception room and beyond, the large living-room with organ and screen before mentioned. Every room has a fire-

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place. The whole length of the north side of the house is given over to the orangery which in plain English is a conservatory. On the east is a dining room and breakfast room.

The lovely part about the house is that on both sides of every room you look out upon flowers and sunlight. Flowers in the patio—flowers and trees and hills on the garden side.

Upstairs it just takes your breath away!

I don't know whether Harold studied the early Roman period or not—I forgot to ask him, but his personal suite reminds me of Pliny's description of his own country house in the Apennines. Harold's bedroom is enormous, with three exposures — the north opening onto a porch the roof of which is supported by pillars forming graceful arches. The view is superb in the day time, and at night it must be intoxicating, with the starry sky above and the billions of twinkling lights in the valley below. I never saw such clear lights as they have out here in Hollywood. They sparkle like the brightest diamonds. On this balcony Harold can rest, read and sleep if he wants to. There is plenty of space to pace up and down if he is pounding out an idea for his picture.

Adjoining Harold's bedroom is a magnificent bath with a weighing machine and dressing table. Then there is a steam-room and exercise-room. It will be equipped with a rowing machine, electrical belt, rub table and heaven knows what.

Mildred's suite consists of a bedroom similar to Harold's on the west wing of the house with an open balcony on the north overlooking the hills and valley. There is a large dressing room, a bath and connecting steam room. Each bath is equipped with a built-in weighing machine, and Mildred's has an electrical belt, too.

The first guest room is in the south wing and almost as spacious as either Harold's or Mildred's. There is a gorgeous open balcony overlooking the valley and ocean and Catalina—on a clear day! A large combination bath and dressing room adjoins the bedroom. There are two other guest rooms, each with bath but without balconies. Both, however, have the lovely view of valley and ocean.

The house is spread out in wings and around patios so that there is privacy and quiet for each member of the household, which is a very great blessing indeed.

Another interesting and thoughtful feature of the place is the game-room reached by a subterranean passage, so that if the men want to make a lot of noise they can go there for billiards, cards, bowling, table tennis, or fencing. The room has no outside outlet and built as it is on the side of the hill, a sheer drop from above and below of 75 feet, is not possible of access except through the underground passage. It overlooks the golf course and barbecue.

The orchards, planted with every fruit that grows in Southern California, are given over mainly to oranges, lemons and avocado pear trees. The perfume of the blossoms fill the air as one wanders over the beautiful estate. The gardens still in construction provide for jasmine bowers, rose plots and hundreds of flowering plants that are so grateful to California soil.

The landscape gardener is A. E. Hanson, a young war veteran with interesting and experimental ideas that agreed with Harold's tastes. There is just a suggestion of formality in the smaller gardens, but the effect is rambling when viewed as a whole.

With the landscape plans completed Harold turned to the architects, who misunderstood his ideas at first and after a year's work presented plans for a 40-room mansion. Harold gave the blueprint one long, disappointed look and wrote out his check for $25,000.

"Take it away, boys," he said, "I want a home, not a museum." But the next plan the architect submitted suited Harold down to the ground. The house is complete now but for the finishing, but it will be nearly eight months before the Lloyds move in with their trunks and have their house-warming.

When Harold bought the land he calculated to a dollar what it would cost to lay it out, build and run the estate. Unlike many of his film brothers he has not stepped beyond his financial depth but waited until his income was solid and as permanent as anything can be in this changing world. His fortune is reliably diversified in common stocks, bonds and real estate and is carefully looked after. It is quite aside from the money he invests in his business. He has calculated the number of house servants, the gardeners — there have to be fourteen—and their salaries per year; the taxes and water and planting expense; the upkeep of the roads, the canoe course, golf course and swimming pool. Everything was thought out and a surplus allowed before a stone had been turned on the land. If Harold never makes another pictures his affairs are in such condition that he and his family are assured of a luxurious living for the rest of their lives and their children's lives.

Everything on the place has been as well built as modern engineering and architectural skill could provide. No expense has been spared to buy the most durable materials. Harold feels that it is extravagance to use things that are cheap or gaudy.

Even in its unfinished state he has been offered twice what the place will cost him by several millionaires. Almost everything he has can be turned into money value. Out of his fifty-six dogs there is not one that he could not sell for at least $500, and for Prince and Illor von der Rhone he has been offered $5,000 apiece.

People might think that having fifty-six dogs was ridiculous, but I wonder whether it really is. Harold needs dogs in his pictures and likes to use his own when he can. They are kenneled at his ranch at Westwood where they will remain. Kennels for only five or six will be built on the new estate because sixteen acres isn't enough to accomodate fifty-six barking dogs, and Harold has compassion on his neighbors.

While the Lloyds have many friends in the motion picture business they have more outside of it. Men and women of all professions are numbered among them. You will see doctors and their wives, lawyers, artists, ministers, writers, and an abundance of sportsmen. When the pool is finished Harold plans to hold professional swimming contests.

It seems to me a very fine thing for people who have substantial fortunes to spend them in this way. It gives them a peaceful and beautiful home and it also gives employment to many people in ideal surroundings. It is far less selfish to spend your money so, than to let it pile up in banks. By spending it rightly you bless thousands of people who in turn bless you —and that after all is the most beautiful way of giving thanks for all good—by sharing your good fortune with others.

The House of Lloyd is founded upon a rock of solidity, generosity and beauty.

Lot Talk

Motion picture production will hum at the Paramount studio on Long Island this season as well as in Hollywood, according to the announcement of Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of the company in charge of production.

"We are going ahead full steam, both East and West, in the production of sound pictures," said Mr. Lasky. "I have gone over plans for a most comprehensive program which will occupy both our Hollywood and Astoria studios to their capacity. This program embraces not only feature pictures, but also the production of short sound novelties and the reproduction in sound films of big stage shows.

"We have engaged Monta Bell, the well-known director, as production executive of our Long Island studio. Mr. Bell, who is considered one of the foremost of the younger directors, will come here from Hollywood at once, and he will have active charge of the production of several subjects which we plan to start immediately at Astoria."

Mr. Bell is a former newspaper man, having been editor of the Washington Herald.

* * *

Thomas Meighan will leave Hollywood for New York when he completes *The Mating Call*, his latest starring vehicle. Accompanied by Mrs. Meighan (Frances Ring), the Irish star will go direct to his palatial home at Great Neck, Long Island, where he plans to spend the remainder of the summer.

* * *

Speaking of Tommy, his protege, John Darrow, who plays the role of a cub reporter in *The Racket*, at one time held the distinctive title of 'the handsomest page-boy' in the national capitol, Washington, D. C. Darrow, who also has an important role in *Hell's Angels*, Howard Hughes' aerial extravaganza, was a page-boy in the Senate during the Wilson administration before he came to Hollywood to follow a screen career.

* * *

Ben Lyon is noted among his friends as a practical joker of the first order. Ben's latest prank was perpetrated on Lupe Velez. Arising at 6 A. M. to fly to location for some air-scenes, Ben grabbed a telephone and called the Mexican actress. "I just wanted to let you know I've got your telephone number," Ben remarked, and hung up. This is said to be the first time that Lupe, in a telephone conversation with a man, didn't hang up first.

* * *

Clara Bow is the ideal subject for the motion picture camera, according to Hollywood's oldest film cutter, William Shea. Shea has seen them all in the twenty years since he started work at the old Fort Lee studios in New Jersey. For seven years he was chief film cutter for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. He is busy at present cutting and assembling the film for Miss Bow's latest picture, *The Fleet's In*.

"Miss Bow has a perfect screen appearance and manner, and I've never seen a scene of hers which had to be retaken because of fault in her acting."

* * *

George Bancroft lost eight pounds in six hours the other day, and he wasn't trying either because his weight was just about right before. But victims of obesity may be interested to know that he did it shoveling coal into the rod mouth of a ship's boiler furnace. It was the scene for his picture, *The Docks of New York*.

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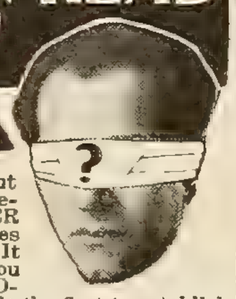

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Pity a Poor Working Girl

Continued from page 27

attention were it not for one of the little identifying numbers the police stick on our lawns for the edification of visiting tourists.

Even Doug and Mary, despite their wealth and prominence, live as simply as any well-to-do-suburbanite in your own home town. And you never heard of them giving wild or expensive parties. In fact, they don't even serve liquor at their dinners.

It is true that Charlie Chaplin may seem to have been extravagant in his ill-starred romances, but despite these costly adventures and his little-known generosities he lives as modestly as an English country gentleman. I have been with him on many an occasion when he has turned down a gorgeous dinner for the simple delights of a stack of wheat cakes at Childs' or a 'ribber, medium' with a baked potato at T-Bone Reily's.

Then there is my nearest neighbor, Ruth Clifford, and her enterprising husband, Jimmie Cornelius. Ruth and Jimmie haven't even a permanent home, for they build houses and then live in them until they are sold.

Farther up the street lives Patsy Ruth Miller with her father, mother and kid brother. It is a typical mid-west house of mid-west simplicity and gentle hospitality. At a recent 'Hollywood debauch' I attended there, when we left at eleven o'clock the debauchees were sitting in a circle on the floor playing 'coffee-pot!' As I remember the circumstances I think Doug MacLean was 'it!'

Then there are Ralph and Vera Lewis, Ernst and Helen Lubitsch—heavens, I could name twenty or more of our leading picture people within five blocks of where I am writing who live less extravagantly than the successful business men of your own home town.

While I was still pegging away at the above paragraphs who should stroll into the garden but Leatrice Joy and her little girl whom I had quite forgotten to mention. "Well," I exclaimed as she crossed the lawn, " 'between pictures?' "

"Worser'n that!" she replied laughing at the ancient alibi. "The truth is my contract with De Mille is up and I doubt if I shall ever sign another. From now on I shall free-lance and work only in pictures that I *like*."

"But, Leatrice," I asked, "can you afford to be so choosy?"

"Yes," she smiled, "you could even make it stronger and vulgarer and say 'snooty.' Pray, what do you think I've been doing with my hard-earned money these past few profitable years—spending it on baubles and gewgaws? Not your little Leatrice; she has been saving while the saving was good, and now she has earned her artistic as well as her financial independence."

"But what are you going to do while snootily waiting for pictures you like?" I asked.

"That's just what I stopped in to tell you about." And she forthwith unfolded a little scroll which revealed the perspective of what appeared to be a hotel.

"I'm going to build that!" she exclaimed happily. "A forty-unit apartment house, with my own apartment on the ground floor containing a projection room and all the trimmings. See, right there! But what's this thing you're writing about?" she asked abruptly.

I told her.

"Yes," she observed when I was through, "our few foolish spenders are mostly confined to those who were suddenly and bewilderingly thrown into fame and fortune. Those who have worked their way up know the value of money and what to do with it. Look at Ruth Roland, now one of the richest girls in Los Angeles. Not because she banked a huge salary, but because she invested a modest salary in real estate. Then only this morning there is a picture in the paper of a big hotel that Pola is buying.

"Take my own case," she went on reminiscently—(incidentally, Leatrice is one of the few girls who is prettier off the screen than on—if that is possible!)—"when I returned home from the convent in New Orleans I suddenly realized that though the old plantation was picturesque, mother and I were darn poor. So after the inevitable big parting scene I heroically grabbed my powder puff and started for New York to break into motion pictures. It was no bed of roses and for two thin years I worked extra, and then finally managed to get out to Los Angeles. I soon found, however, that I'd never get anywhere without stage experience, and so I went to an agent and, lying about my experience, induced him to place me in a stock company in San Diego. I got by with my bluff and the training was so helpful that when I returned to Hollywood I got several small parts. It was a long, long time before I really arrived, and it was during those years that I learned the value of preparing against a very uncertain future. And now, by heck, I'm independent, and they won't see me in any pictures I don't like!"

There! Leatrice has finished my piece a lot better than I could have done it.

She Bosses the Stars

Continued from page 32

mood. Again he bounds into the studio fired with ambition to do a lot of work. On days like these we take dozens and dozens of pictures in a very few minutes and he is gone before I realize that he has been there. Sometimes he is very gay and talks a great deal and I have to catch him between anecdotes. But he is always charming and always vivid and I have never snapped two pictures of him that are alike.

"Marion Davies often likes to work late and she likes to be quiet and work for a long time. She usually gets to my studio about four-thirty when things are quieting down on the lot, when the telephones are not ringing every minute and when dozens of people are not interrupting; and then we work steadily until seven or eight at night. In this way I always get the best results, because Marion is one of the hardest workers and she loves to see a job well done. She always turns out an amazing amount of work.

"So I work late with Marion and early with Marceline Day. There's a girl who breaks into my rest for she insists upon com-

ing to the studio before nine o'clock in the morning and she is the most prompt person in Hollywood. When Marceline makes an appointment there is not a chance of her being late. She's a marvelous photographic subject because she is always bright and giggling and happy, and these things register before the camera.

"Good results on pictures are often gained in strange ways. I remember one of the best sittings I ever made of Joan Crawford that I thought was going to be terrible. I had to do some things of Joan in Spanish costume. They had to be vivid and sparkling and zippy and Joan had been working frightfully hard on the set and was in a low mood besides. My heart sank when I saw her because I realized that she was not in the right mood for the type of thing I had to get. But she put on the costume anyhow, and I played the wildest Spanish music I had, and I talked to her very fast about sparkle and vivacity and then I asked her to go before the camera. 'Now,' I said, 'let's have lots of zip and dash. Wonderful! Atta girl! You look exactly like a Spanish senorita! That's it, show the teeth! Marvelous!' And all the time the wild music was going and in a very few minutes Joan was in just the right mood and I think the results were as good as any I've ever had with her. She is a true actress and responds to atmosphere almost at once."

Ruth Harriet Louise finds that her chief worry is not simply getting a mechanically good portrait, but handling the stars themselves. She never allows them to work in front of a mirror because she strives for certain effects from her angle and the subject must be plastic. When a mirror is used Ruth fails to get results. One temperamental star refused to work unless she could have a mirror before her. Ruth refused to photograph her if she did. The photographer photographed the star without a mirror!

She works like a director getting her best effects for emotional and character pictures by the proper choice of a word. "I want a cool look," she says. Simply the use of the word 'pain' produced one of the most effective studies she ever did, a tragic mask of Gwen Lee.

"One of the most interesting things about this work is watching a personality develop," said Ruth. "There's the case of Norma Shearer. I've photographed her for three years and I've watched her change from a sweet, charming girl into something much more than that. She has developed a vivid personality with a great flair for strong dramatic work. She puts definite thought into her portraits. She is always helpful to me and is one of the easiest subjects I have. Her face is fine and patrician and there is a beautiful spiritual quality about it which definitely registers on the negative.

"When Renee Adoree comes to be photographed we always end in hysterics. The photographing is incidental to the joy of being with Renee and hearing her talk and our sittings never seem like work. She is easy to photograph since she is so plastic and such a marvelous trouper.

"Ramon Novarro has perfect poise. He takes his photographs seriously as he takes everything. I have never seen Ramon in a temper. I have never found him anything but charming and helpful. He likes best being photographed in costume but he has never objected to a pose that I have suggested.

"A very gay, very debonair sort of man is Tim McCoy, who can only work to lively music. This, of course, suits his personality as well as the sort of parts he plays on the screen. After Tim McCoy has been to the studio for a sitting I am always happy because his is such a friendly, glowing character.

"Lon Chaney, of course, is a marvelous person. There are just two things that he will not do. He won't come to the studio to be photographed unless he is working, because he always leaves Hollywood between pictures; therefore I have to catch him at noon hour or when he has an hour or two away from the set. The other thing that he absolutely refuses is to have a straight portrait made of himself. You will remember that whenever you've seen a picture of Lon Chaney he has been in character.

"One of the most delightful people with whom I work is Lew Cody. I have never seen anyone who disliked having his picture taken more thoroughly yet he is always sweet about it and tries to do exactly as I say. His pictures are always good since he is always himself and never affects a pose. It is strange but it is a fact that an affectation of any sort always photographs.

"And, of course, there's darling Dorothy Sebastian from Alabama who has more trouble getting up to my studio but who gives so much of herself once she's there; and there's always dear Gwen Lee, who is one of the few actresses in Hollywood with an inferiority complex. Gwen doesn't know how clever she is on the screen and she is actually embarrassed when she has her photograph taken."

The story of the success of Ruth Harriet Louise is one of the most surprising in Hollywood. She had always wanted to be an artist and when she was a child she began to study art; but when she was sixteen she realized that she would be but a mediocre artist. It is unusual for a girl of that age to realize her limitations. The artistic feeling she had. She knew composition and line but the ability of executing her ideas was lacking; so she turned to the next best thing, photography.

She apprenticed herself to a studio in New York, and learned every angle of the business and then opened a small studio at her home. The first sitting of a professional that she ever made was of Carmel Myers. Carmel could not arrange to get to Ruth's home, which was out of the city, so the girl took her camera and all of her heavy lights to Carmel's hotel.

It was this very sitting that changed the tide of her career, for Carmel returned to the M.G.M. studios with the portraits and showed them to Louis B. Mayer. The executive was so impressed with them that he sent for the artist in New York.

Three years ago she signed a contract with the studio. She was just eighteen then and in those three years she has become the foremost photographer in Hollywood.

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Grace Kingsley's Gossip — *Continued from page 25*

intended, he said, to come as an Italian organ grinder with a monkey, but the monk had been rented out at the last minute.

We heard a fearful commotion, and in entered May Robson. She was dressed as a Hungarian peasant, and she wouldn't speak to anybody, but gazed suspiciously about at everybody, just as any foreign immigrant just arrived on Ellis Island would do. But when she caught sight of Edmund Breese and his kilties she couldn't refrain from telling about the Scotchman who took his wife's spats to the shoemaker to be soled and heeled.

Kenneth Thompson arrived just then with his bride of a few days. She is a tall, pretty, blonde girl, who was formerly an actress in New York, her name Alden Gay. Kenneth was dressed as a Dutch immigrant, and his wife was an American emigrant to California in 1890, she said.

Gladys Brockwell was a Roumanian peasant girl, very picturesque, with bright kerchief turban, wide, short silk skirt and broad sash. She said she guessed she was a musical comedy Roumanian!

"In fact," confided Patsy, "nearly all the costumes are silk—just a poor lot of immigrants, my word! Movie people's ideas of immigrants!"

Enter William DeMille, clad in red Russian boots and peasant trousers, together with one of those black satin Russian blouses so much effected by gentlemen these days at informal dinners. He declared that he was a "Russian peasant in an Emil Jannings sort of way!"

Supper was buffet, after which Edmund Breese, Gladys Brockwell and some others took part in a couple of comic impromptu sketches, and then Bob Edeson fetched out an accordion, and much to our surprise began to play. But his wife gave it away. It was a trick accordion, with self-made music unrolled from records.

Finally our host called us together and read the answers to the immigrant questionairres he had sent to us. They were very amusing. May Robson won a prize for the best costume, and it turned out to be a box of salami—Italian sausage.

"And I hear," says Patsy, looking over my shoulder as I write, "that Miss Robson's tea was so crowded next day that she ran out of food, and so her guests ate up the prize!"

IF ever you want to see a beautiful spot, don't fail to visit Santa Monica Canyon, if you chance to be in Southern California.

It was down there, at the Uplifters' Club grounds, that Agnes Christine Johnston was giving, the other Sunday evening, her party for Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, bride and groom, and for Sylvia Thalberg, Irving's sister, and her bridegroom, Larry Weingarten, who makes pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Agnes and her husband, Frank Dazey, are living in a cottage at the Uplifters since their house burned down, and we found them with a lot of guests already assembled in the vast living-room, including Sylvia and Larry, but Norma and Irving were to be late, because as usual Irving had a conference on hand.

Johnny Hines told us that he had been working on a boat off San Pedro, making scenes for a picture, and that everybody had been seasick but himself, whereat somebody reminded him that he was Scotch! That in turn reminded Johnny that a good way to keep a Scotchman from being seasick is to tie his hands and put a quarter in his mouth!

Gertrude and Bob Leonard breezed in just then, Gertrude looking awfully cute and pretty, and they were presently joined by Jack Conway and his beautiful young wife, who you remember, is a daughter of Francis X. Bushman. Kathryn McGuire came with her husband, George Landy, and Dorothy Sebastian arrived with Clarence Brown, the director, whom she is soon to marry. Indeed, she may have married him by the time this is printed, as I understand the wedding is to be soon. She was once supposed to be engaged to Raymond Griffith, but Raymond, I think, never quite forgot Bertha Mann, the stage actress, whom he had known for many years, and Ray and Bertha finally were married and went to Europe on a prolonged honeymoon.

However, Dorothy appeared quite consoled as she danced that evening with Clarence to the music of the radio. Carmel Myers was there, too, and dancing with Johnny Hines and other partners, and there were a lot of other guests.

Dinner was served in the patio of the Club House under the trees at long tables, after which we came back to the Dazeys' cottage, where a Hawaiian orchestra was playing, to the music of which you danced if you wished, or if you felt like playing cards, there was a card-room, and for original diversion there was a funny little game of miniature yacht racing, with tiny yachts running on a long piece of green oilcloth to represent water. Gertrude played that to good effect, her yacht always managing to come in ahead of everybody else's, though Sylvia's boats were in luck, too.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg came very late, Norma full of her trip to Europe and looking sweet in a green, sheer dress which she had bought in Paris.

"I really didn't intend to shop in Paris," said Norma, "because I intended to go about with Irving all the time; but he insisted, so what could I do?"

"Very gallant I call it," replied Patsy.

We asked Norma about the sights she saw, and she answered drolly, "Oh, a lot of night clubs, and I don't know the names of any of them."

Gertrude Olmstead joined our little group, and told us how she has been working in a number of pictures, one after the other, so hard and so fast that she hasn't had any chance to rest, so that she guessed she was growing very irritable.

"But I've learned to say 'Go to the hot place' in Swedish—which nobody understands—so now I can safely blow off steam without making anybody mad," she explained.

We were sitting about the fire, the evening being cool, and Mrs. Jack Conway joined us to tell us about her infant son's being named Mike, and how very cross it had made her extremely handsome and aristocratic dad, Francis X. Bushman, to have his grandson, who resembles him, named such a rude, ordinary name!

"Oh, dear," sighed Patsy finally, "I suppose we just must go home!"

"I don't believe there's any other place open" I acquiesced.

LITTLE Ethel Jackson, a sweet youngster of seventeen who is making her way in pictures, gave *such* a delightful party down

in Chinatown, the other night, at Tom Gubbins' place. Tom is well known as a purveyor of Chinese food.

The restaurant was a new one, and it was furnished quite luxuriously with Oriental rugs and teakwood furniture, and in the midst of the dining-room an elaborate altar with a golden Buddha on the shrine.

There was a crystal-gazing fortune-teller to tell our fortunes.

"But I shouldn't think it would be a bit hard in the case of Jack Dempsey, at least so far as telling that he is lucky ,or in knowing who he is," remarked Patsy.

Though Estelle Taylor, Jack's wife, was with him, the fortune-teller insisted on telling the ex-champ that he would be married again twice, and that one of his wives would be a red-head.

"Imagine the rush for henna tomorrow!" exclaimed Patsy.

Guests were expected to eat with chopsticks, but how relieved everybody was when the course came on consisting of shreds of chicken which you were supposed to eat with your fingers!

Leatrice Joy and her brother Billy were there, and so was Martha Sleeper, who chances to be Ethel's bosom friend, Sally Eilers and Matty Kemp—they are supposed to be engaged—Victor Giusti, brother of Roy D'Arcy, Arthur Lake, Sally Phipps, and a lot of other charming young folks.

There was dancing after dinner.

"And I do wonder," whispered Patsy, "what Buddha thinks of that!"

"WE'RE invited to Patsy Ruth Miller's party!" cried Patsy, the Party Hound, "and of course we cannot possibly miss it!"

Over at Patsy's we found a lot of people in swimming, including Glenn Tryon, Ralph Forbes, Pauline Garon, and a lot of other guests, while Pat herself and her brother—who, by the way, is turning into a very good stage actor—played tennis.

Presently some of these joined us in the house, where Patsy Ruth's adorable father and mother had greeted us, along with Pat herself, and Glenn Tryon told us he was learning to play the bass viol. But Mrs. Tryon wasn't a bit enthusiastic herself about going through life with a bull-fiddle scraping in the offing.

"How does one carry the thing about?" demanded Ralph Forbes.

"Well, you see," explained Glenn, "I'm going to buy a trailer for the car."

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman came in just then, and Skeets Gallagher, who is supposed to be devoted to Pauline Garon; also Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Ray Cress and some others.

We had a buffet supper, and then Ray Cress played the piano in a manner, as Patsy put it, so that 'you couldn't possibly make your feet behave.'

Patsy Ruth danced with her brother, Winston, beautifully, although Mrs. Miller told us that six months previously the boy had remarked with the finality of youth that under no circumstances would he ever be interested in dancing. And now here he was, doing fancy tango steps!

Patsy Ruth got a little fall when her brother didn't catch her in time as she was doing a lithe back bend, but she merely grinned and asked him 'please to support her in the manner to which she had been accustomed when dancing!'

Somebody discovered a collection of Percy Crosby's "Skippy" creations, which had been presented to Patsy Ruth by the author, with a little picture of Skippy on the fly-leaf, bowing to a pictured Patsy Ruth.

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When we started for home, we needs must stop and admire Ralph Forbes's new car, which is so big that it looks like a ship, and Patsy Ruth suggested a christening with champagne and everything.

That sent us homeward with a laugh, which is, I believe, Patsy Ruth's motto.

"Oh, I see such a lot of budding romances!" exclaimed Patsy, as we entered the brilliantly lighted ballroom of the Biltmore where the Mayfair was being held, and whither we had gone with Eduardo Raquello. "There," she went on, "are Pauline Garon and Skeets Gallagher, and there are Lowell Sherman, Pauline's divorced husband, and Ann Rork. Ann Rork seems to be running Patsy Ruth Miller an engagement race, doesn't she?

"And oh, there's Lupe Velez dancing with Al Jolson! Isn't Lupe the original little vamp, though?"

Lupe just then came over to say hello, and to whisper in my ear, "You know I just don't take any man seriously!"

Of course she said it with a chic little accent.

"Maybe," I retorted, "that's why they all seem to take *you* seriously!"

Ruth Chatterton was dancing a lot with Connie Keefe, too, and we hear they are great friends.

"Of course you know that Kathleen Key is engaged to marry Lansing Brown, the photographer, don't you?" said Patsy, but I had to confess that I hadn't known it. "Both of them are so handsome," Patsy went on.

We saw Mary Brian with James Creelman, the scenario writer.

Dick Barthelmess had brought his bride, and we found that they danced beautifully together, even if Mrs. B. is a bit taller than her famous husband.

"There are a lot of divorced folk, too, with other people," remarked Patsy a bit cryptically as regards her English. "Take Mary Carewe, the divorced wife of Eddie Carewe—doesn't she look beautiful tonight, by the way?—and she is with a tall, handsome man whom nobody seems to know. Also there is Helene Chadwick with another stranger, and William Wellman with a girl I don't know."

Albert Gran brought Ethel Barrymore in very late, as Miss Barrymore was playing at the Biltmore Theater, and of course couldn't leave until the show was out.

Mrs. Reginald Denny was there, looking cute as paint, but of course without Reginald, who is to marry his leading lady in pictures, Bubbles Steifel, as soon as he gets his final decree. I should think Mrs. Denny herself would do excellently well in pictures, as she is very pretty and is a most skillful actress.

Impromptu entertainment is one of the most fascinating features of the Mayfair. Al Jolson sang, preceding his singing by saying that he had been sitting with a lot of married people, and he thought that if he sang maybe he might get a break.

"If I'm a flop nobody on Vitaphone will know it," he grinned.

The comedian kidded right and left, leaning over toward Conrad Nagel's table to kid him about his 'built-in hair' in *Glorious Betsy*.

Jack White was there with Pauline Starke, and there were Edith Roberts and her husband, June Collyer, Paul Bern, Mervyn Leroy, Edna Murphy, Fred Niblo, Shirley Dorman, Pauline Garon, Ben Lyon, Finis Fox and his wife, Mary Nash, Leatrice Joy, and just scores of others.

The Newest Picture Girl— *Continued from page 15*

to have this done, Thalberg voiced a doubt that the girl could be as pretty as her picture.

The company representative called at the dancing school and found out that the girl's name was Eva Von Plentzner, and also her address in the little obscure suburb of Vienna. A letter was sent to Eva, inviting her to take a screen test, and she, scarcely believing that it could be anything but a practical joke played on her by some fellow dancing pupil, consented. The test was a revelation of Eva's astounding beauty, quick perceptions and unfailing charm. Thalberg hastened to sign her to a most lucrative contract, wiring the studios that he had found a girl who was a combination of the opposite poles of feminine attraction as represented by Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo. Eva was discovered. Half a world away from Hollywood she lived, but fortune and the unfailing vigilance of the motion picture producers had found her out.

On the way over to America, Eva's name, Von Plentzner, a bit too long for movie purposes, was changed by a "naming contest" among the passengers to Von Berne.

On her arrival in this country with a brand-new name and a prospect of screen success ahead of her, a fairyland opened up for Eva. Since the war, Eva's family has been impoverished and it has been necessary for Mrs. Von Plentzner to make all of Eva's clothes. There are no luxuries in post-war Vienna, and even such things as silk stockings, necessities to the American girl, are unheard-of luxuries in Austria. So Eva, with all her beauty, came to this country in a home-made dress and with cotton stockings on her shapely legs. An interpreter was secured by the motion picture company, and with this interpreter Eva went on a shopping tour, buying herself all the lovely things which she had been denied in Austria. With silks and satins to frame her loveliness, Eva bloomed forth as one of the world's fairest maidens. Her delight in her new clothes was unbounded—she was as thrilled as Cinderella with her glass slippers and satin dress. She could not even eat until she had tried on all her new dresses, 'just to see how they look.'

Eva is seventeen—an actual seventeen, not the seventeen of an actress with three divorces and a dozen lovers in the background. She is of medium height, graceful, with a firm, springy tread and an erect carriage. Her skin is soft, finely textured. Her hair is wavy, soft and of a delightful honey color. Her eyes are quick, smiling — hazel. Her features are mobile and pleasing from every angle. A reddish tint in her hair, the pink of her lips and cheeks, the ivory coloring of her brow and neck make her such a figure as Botticelli took pleasure in painting.

There is a lively charm to her movements, and her moments of repose are delightful. Innocent and unsophisticated, Eva, nevertheless, has her full share of what La Glyn has termed IT. There is, to be quite frank, a warmth and attraction to her sleek, warm skin, and well-rounded limbs which is peculiarly her own; Greta Garbo and Clara Bow will have to watch their laurels in this regard.

With the help of the interpreter, Eva told the brief story of her life. She was born in Serajevo, Bosnia, the town where the assassination of an Austrian grand duke precipitated the World War. At the time of her birth, Eva's father, a Colonel in the Austrian army, was Administrator of Transport in Serajevo. Four years after Eva's birth, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated and the town of Serajevo became part of the theatre of war. Eva was taken to Vienna and placed in a convent school. Here she remained for four years. Eva finally became too mischevous for the nuns' taste in conduct, and her father was asked to take her from the convent and place her in some other school.

She was then enrolled at a boarding school and here, where life was a bit more pleasant for the youngster, she remained until the end of the war and the beginning of the revolution which deprived her father, at that time an adjutant to Emperor Charles, of his livelihood.

Hard times followed the revolution for Eva and her family, and stripped of all their wealth they found it difficult to live. During the hard post-war years Eva had to do her bit to aid the impoverished family. From her earliest years she had studied dancing, and when she was thirteen years old, she was able to assist her dancing teacher by giving lessons to children from five to eight years old. In this way she paid for her tuition at the dancing academy and also helped to augument her father's income.

At this time she studied anatomy and physical culture at the University of Vienna. In Austria all dancing teachers are required to pass certain examinations before being licensed as full-fledged teachers of plastic and aesthetic dancing, and as this was the career Eva had picked for herself, she had to study these subjects at the University.

Eva's favorite pastime is sport, and with ready pantomime she expressed a liking for swimming, skating, boxing, fencing and dancing. When asked if she liked horseback riding she answered that her father had had horses, but that when she had grown old enough to ride, the revolution had come and he had been forced to sell his mounts. So it was that she has never ridden, but she expressed a desire to do so when she reaches Hollywood.

Her favorite author is Stephen Zwieg. Her favorite motion picture actor is John Gilbert and she explains that in Germany he is considered 'The best kisser on the screen.' She refused to say whether or not this was the reason for her preference. She thinks melodrama is her favorite form of acting, but she has never acted, either on stage or screen, although most of her admirers in Vienna were actors.

Her impressions of America, at the time of this interview, were still confused. She had been in the country but a few days, but she had already formed the opinion that everything here was in the superlative. She laughed when describing how her press agent had piloted her from one photographer to another, saying each time, 'He is the best photographer in New York.' She was anxious to see Coney Island, and looked forward to riding on the roller-coaster and all the other, varied amusement devices of the resort.

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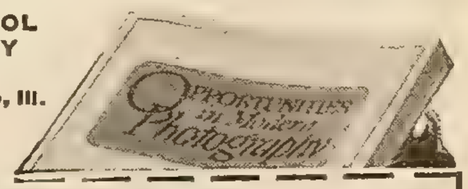

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How Does Sex Appeal Sound?

(*Continued from page 17*)

You will see the strange sight of the actors going right on talking though not saying anything. This will be because too much has been said already, and censors aren't deaf. Any picture is apt to turn into comedy at a moment's notice.

But let's go back to Love. It's a nice word, Love. 'I love you' is even nicer. And it doesn't seem the same when it is reduced to cold type in a screen sub-title. The cave boys, those original great lovers, never used to scribble their passion on stone tablets and deliver them with melting looks, did they? I should hope to tell a dinosaur they didn't. They remarked: 'Ug-glub-umph!' meaning 'That's how I love you' or even 'Come on, kid!' and then they'd drag Lady of Choice off by the hair without even waiting for an answer. Well, there's only one answer.

The Eskimos express amorous emotion by rubbing noses. No wonder they're chilly. And who wants to be an Eskimo? How about a little 'Je vous aime?' spoken by Lily Damita; or 'Ich liebe dich' by Lya de Putti; or even 'Oh moo yeeoo yeh boo yow gin' uttered by Anna May Wong. (I'm only fooling you on that one. It's really the Chinese for 'I can do without it'—and that's just silly. Nobody can do without it.)

In speak-easy scenes in forthcoming Talkers the audience, breathless, will be sitting on chair-edges awaiting The Big Kiss. Will it be a good old-fashioned resounding smack? Or long and lingering? Will it be followed by a little soft sigh? The audience wants to know. It *has* to know. It has to act accordingly. Suppose a femme and a fella were planning to suit their actions to the words spoken by the screen stars—in other words, planning to make the most of the osculatory interlude—and just as the celluloid lips were about to meet after an exchange of compliments the villain should stalk in and there wouldn't be any kissing after all—except from a remote corner of the theatre? Oho! Caught you that time!

Of course this deluge of audible movies will mean that a girl will have to be pretty careful who she goes to the movies with. Suppose she lets the Bill Haines of her neighborhood escort her to see John Gilbert? She will just get hopelessly mixed up in her technique, that's all. And I warn her it won't do. When Gilbert up there on the screen puts all the fiery passion in the movies into his eyes and voice and says: 'Look here—you belong to me!' to Joan or Greta, it would be awfully awkward to be handicapped with a wise-cracking kid in the next seat, now wouldn't it? For Billy Haines will not make love like John Gilbert—he never did and he certainly won't begin when the big bosses tell him to say it with words. Billy's line will probably be: 'Slip us a kiss, sweetie!' While Ronald Colman's deep mellow baritone will chant: 'When will you marry me?' What do you bet that Ronnie comes right out with matrimonial intentions in the first love scene?

Choose your partners if you want to enjoy your movie evenings after the Talkers take the screen. Timing will be important, while as always a well-modulated voice will not be amiss—not very long, anyway. When the talking love scenes come on, croon in.

But if you are all upset about this novelty, how do you suppose the poor actors feel? After all, it's all up to them. They have to find their voices, and while some of them have good ones, others have voices that are only good in case of fire. How would you feel if *your* artistic future depended upon your larynx? I thought as much.

In the future, you know, when pretty new-comers trip eagerly in to the studio for their screen tests they will not be asked to smile and show their—er—teeth. They will be requested to open wide and say 'Ah!' If their tonsils are in good shape they get the job.

How is your old sound appeal? Don't hedge, now. Out with it. You don't know? Well, then it is about time you were finding out, and I'm glad I brought this up. Sound appeal is a combination of It, Sex Appeal, Clara Bow kissing Richard Arlen, John McCormack and Marie Jeritza singing a love song, and Marie Prevost's prize underwear.

It is something you can't get along without, unless you don't mind being sneered and hooted at when you sit down at the piano bench, or even if you miss it. Your best friends won't tell you and your whole life will be ruined. If you haven't sound appeal you'd better run around and get some. That's what all the movie stars are doing. They are spending all their spare time studying elocution and voice culture and drawing deep breaths and saying 'Mee-mee-mee!' The latter exercise is the easiest for them. If they can do it, why not you? A million reasons.

When you visit a studio these days you think you are back in the Tower of Babel. Everybody's talking. After holding their tongues for so long the players just have to practice. As usual, the women are having the last word.

Everything depends upon patter appeal. They are putting the pant in pantomime. Some of the actors haven't had a chance to speak to an audience since their stock-company days and they're making up for lost time now.

How hard it will be to stick to the stuff that was written into the scenario by perspiring playwrights! Suppose you're a star playing opposite a lovely lady who refused to go out with you the night before. You see your opportunity for revenge in the big love scene when you are instructed to grab the girl and hold her tight and kiss her hard despite her struggles. But suppose the little dickens takes it into her head to kick you in the shins where it won't show? It hurts, darn her, and you lose your head and cry: 'Is there a doctor in the house?'

The temperamental beauty who is anxious about camera-angles will give the show away by interrupting herself to ask if the cameraman is watching that bump on her nose. How can he help it?

If Harold Lloyd decides to do a Talker and lets Mildred play opposite him again—and I think Harold will make a sound movie because anyone who has such specs-appeal is practically certain to have a sound appeal, too—he may forget where he is and say: 'Middie, did you remember to give Baby Gloria her gruel this morning?'

The heavy-breathing boys will have to practice control or they will grunt themselves right out of the picture game. In fact, some of the stars have already developed bad cases of those Vitaphone-Movietone - Firnatone - Radio - Corporation - of - America Blues. They are searching for the lost vocal chord and haven't found it yet.

On the other hand, actors with stage experience are turning hand-springs. And the other girls and boys who have always yearned to go on the stage but didn't dare are also rejoicing. The baby vamps all seem to welcome the Talkers—they're just another weapon. Can't you see one of the little dears even risking personal banter with her audience when the director isn't looking? Speaking over her shoulder from behind her hand she'll say in a stage whisper: 'If Roy H. of Red Bank, N. J., is in the house tonight, I want him to know I just love those bracelets he sent me as they help to keep my arms warm and winter is coming on.'

The Talkers has its draw-backs, though. It robs the poor actor of what little privacy he had left. The character man who thought he was safe behind a full set of whiskers now reveals himself through his tremolo tenor to the wife and four children he carelessly left behind him when the carnival stranded back in Medicine Hat in the trouping days. Strong men will wilt and women will swoon all on account of the Talkers.

Just the same there is a great chance for comedy stuff. Did you ever hear of the theatre in Soviet Russia where the actors improvise the plays as they go along? Something like this might happen when Marion Davies and Billy Haines, two outstanding wits of Hollywood, get together on a screen set. Let them ad-lib as they may. We're for it. Marion, by the way, will be even more popular when she begins to speak. That little lisp and stammer of hers has patter appeal, and n-no f-f-foolin'!

I can think of a dozen stars whose charm will be enhanced by the talking device. Rod La Rocque's vibrant voice will add to his art. Lane Chandler's beautiful, caressing intonation will send him straight up to stardom. George Bancroft will boom from the depth of his stage experience, while Ernest Torrence—but I'm afraid Mr. Torrence is too much of a gentleman to suit words to some of his wicked screen ways. William Powell has a wonderful voice. Corinne Griffith's drawl will be a delight. You know how the careers of Lionel Barrymore and Conrad Nagel have prospered since they decided to speak up in public. And speaking of Barrymores—if you want to know how sex appeal really sounds, wait until John chooses to come out of the silences and say a few words. You ain't heard nothing yet!

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Ask Me — *Continued from page 4*

fany-Stahl Productions, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Lawrence Gray can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bebe Daniels Admirer from Saginaw. You can't worry me with your questions; why waste time on worry when we can laugh it off? So let's be our age and brag about it. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Lucilla Mendez was born in Venzuela. She has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Lupe Velez was born in Mexico, July 18, 1909. You can reach her at United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Gilbert Roland was born in Dec., 1905, in Chihuahua, Mexico. His real name is Francisco Alonzo but for a time he played under the name of Luiz Alonzo. Donald Reed was born July 23, 1902, in Mexico City. His real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen.

Dot of New York. Who am I to keep anything dark about *The Secret Studio?* Clifford Holland played opposite Olive Borden with Margaret Livingston and Ben Bard in the cast. Olive was born in Virginia 19 years ago. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Clifford Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 185 pounds. You can address Clifford at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tom of Philly. Where is Dick, and Harry? Here is a welcome for every one of you. Dolores del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. She has black hair and brown eyes. She appeared in *Resurrection, What Price Glory, Loves of Carmen, Ramona,* and is now in *The Red Dance* with Charles Farrell, made at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Alice of New Bedford. So you are one of the great screen fans, are you? Pleased to meet you. That's my one hobby, meeting the great and near great. Pauline Starke appears in *The Streets of Shanghai,* produced by Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Kathryn McGuire is with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Marion Davies is not married.

June Morris, Auburn, N. Y. After reading over all the fan magazines you have decided SCREENLAND is the best to take. Shake on that before taking. You'll never have cause to regret it. Barry Norton was born about 23 years ago in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He has dark brown hair and eyes. As far as I know, he is not married. Shush! Barry is a little devil, though—yes, one of the *Four Devils* in the film by that name. The other three are Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, and Charles Morton. This picture is a story of life under the big top, a real-for-sure circus story. F. W. Murnau, who directed *Sunrise,* has been working on the picture for months. Ramon Novarro leaving pictures? What a horrid idea—and not a bit of truth in it. No monastery or concert stage for Ramon—not as long as his Metro-Goldwyn contract exists, anyway. He will make a picture called *Gold Braid* as soon as he settles down after his European trip. Neil Hamilton's wife is a non-professional, but quite pretty enough in her black-bobbed, big-eyed way to be a movie actress if she didn't prefer being married to Neil. He, by the way, has just signed a new five-year contract with Paramount.

Fairbanks Fan. One of many. Junior or Senior? Ah, Junior. Well, Doug the Second is a nice boy and I don't blame you. He was on the stage in *Young Woodley* in Los Angeles but is now back in pictures. His latest is *The Barker.* Not a cough-drop picture.

V. P. of Boston. You are just suspenders to Florence Vidor, aren't you—in other words, a good strong support? She deserves it. She was born in Houston, Texas, on July 23, 1985—Florence is one of the brave and truthful picture girls whose birth-date stays the same. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. One daughter, Suzanne. *The Magnificent Flirt* is her latest release, to be followed by *The Patriot.*

Irishman of Georgetown, Ky. There's a combination! I'll bet you roll all your R's before you drop 'em. George O'Brien's latest films are *Paid to Love, Sunrise, East Side, West Side, Is Zat So,* and *Honor Bound* for *Fox,* and *Noah's Ark,* for Warners. Tom Mix is 49 years young; Tom never will be old. Write to Dorothy Mackaill at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Just a Sweet Texas Girl from Ft. Worth. The home town of Dorothy Devore and other celebrities. Believe it or not, that's something to live up to. I'm sorry to disappoint you but Richard Arlen and Lloyd Hughes are married, but even so they are both kind-hearted chaps and will send you their pictures if you ask them prettily, if you get my line; it's not hard to catch. Try writing S. George Ullman, 1410 Broadway, N. Y. City, and ask for a picture of the late Rudolph Vanentino. We do not send out photographs of the stars.

E. J. L., Box 694, San Pedro, Cal. Just by the merest chance I have located the long-lost Miss Barbara Starr who played in *Blue Blazes.* She is the wife of Gaylord Lloyd, who is casting director of Harold Lloyd's productions. They were married about three years ago but are not sailing the sea of matrimony on the same bark as we go to press. If Miss Starr will broadcast her address to Miss Vee Dee, her fan admirers will be tickled to death.

Betty Mae of Wallace, N. Y. I'm glad you found me, for I didn't know I was lost. Buck Jones is on a vaudeville tour but will be back in pictures again. His wife is Odille Osburne. Tom Mix has signed on the dotted line for F. B. O. films and will be at work again before you read this chatter. He has been doing the big cities with a vaudeville act. His wife is Victoria Ford and he has two daughters, Ruth and Tomasina. Then of course there is his pal, Tony.

Dale C. H. of St. Louis. Next to telling everything I know, I'd rather be a drummer in a swell orchestra. Nothing to

do but play all day and far into the night. When you have a vacancy put a sign out and if I can get away I'll join you. Just give me a whack at that drum—oh, boy! Ta-ta-ta dum-dum. You can reach Norma Shearer at Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Norma has returned from her honeymoon tour as Mrs. Irving Thalberg and is hard at work on *The Little Angel*. She was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904. She has brown hair and blue eyes and is 5 feet 3 and weighs 112 pounds. Is that all?

Madge Padge. How about Hodge Podge? He's a nice kid, too. If you'll write to the Hal Roach Our Gang Comedy Company, Culver City, Cal., you can obtain a picture of the famous kids. Did you know that Mary Ann Jackson is a member of the gang now? Little Wheezer is cute, isn't he? The small sister of Mary Kornman is also a member in good standing—and sitting, too. You can't tell what those boys will do next! You ask why Lon Chaney doesn't send out pictures of himself. Maybe because he is too busy making faces for the cameras. John Gilbert is 31 years old. Write to John at Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

Sunshine from Brooklyn. I suppose your first name is Ray. If Jane and Katherine Lee only knew what a violent commotion they have started, they might decide to be twins. As it is, Katherine remains the older of the two but Jane is the taller. Joseph Schildkraut has been placed under a five-year contract with Universal at Universal City, Cal. His first assignment will be the juicy role of Ravenal in *Show Boat*.

M. C. of Chicago. Everything quiet down your way? Don't take offense, a gun will be more effective. Ivan Petrovich is a Serbian. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 178 pounds and is about 30 years old. He played with Alice Terry in *The Garden of Allah*. The film was made in Northern Africa and France. He will be seen again with Alice in a picture that Rex Ingram is to direct. You can address Ivan at Rex Ingram Studios, Nice, France.

G. Kathryn, Thompsonville, Conn. From one end of the week to the other, all your dreams are of movie stars and what can you do about it? It may be a bad case of indigestion but don't worry, you can dance that off. I can't say if the stars have time to correspond with their fan friends but you can take a chance and write to them. You can address Greta Garbo at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lois Moran is working at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Joan Crawford can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Carla C. of N. Y. City. You have passed on your suspense to me and I'm all up in the air for I don't want to lose your support. I'm one of the clinging vine varieties; but how can I give you information about Cornelius Keefe when he doesn't pass the buck to me? He is in the cast of *The Adorable Cheat* with Lila Lee and Burr McIntosh. So, Carla, suppose we make this a 'hang over' and the minute I hear anything about Cornelius, I'll let you know.

Pat of Maine. Thanks a lot for your grand wishes—luck and success but what would I do with a lovely husband? I hope I'll be well preserved so I can answer your favorite questions for years and years to come, as you so neatly put it. Your favorite, Richard Dix, has been very ill and for a time his life hung on the tiniest thread but he has recovered and will be making pictures for us again, better than ever. His latest picture is *Warming Up*, with Jean Arthur playing opposite. You can write to Richard at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Thomas Meighan is to make *The Mating Call* for Paramount with Renee Adoree, Evelyn Brent, Nena Quartero and Gardner James in the cast.

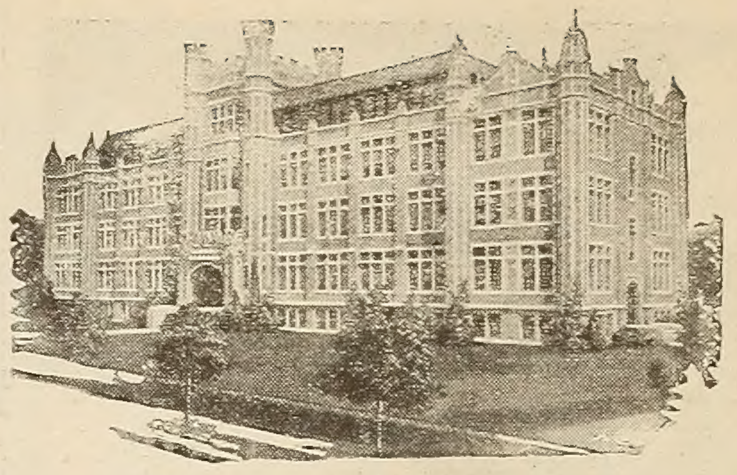
Iberia, a Ronnie Fan of Forest, Ohio. You want SCREENLAND to devote more space to Ronald Colman; does he need it? However, I'll take up the suggestion with the Editor and see what can be done about it. The blue-eyed French blonde, Lilli Damita, who is to be Ronald's leading lady, will make many a youthful male heart do a snappy flop. Josephine Dunn is appearing in *Excess Baggage* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and has been given a long-term contract.

H. L. J. of Yonkers. Where do I get all my information? It's a gift and I can't give it away. There isn't anything I'd rather do than tell you about Gary Cooper. He was born March 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has reddish brown hair and dark blue eyes. His real name is Frank J. Cooper. He was a cartoonist on his home town newspaper, before joining the ranks of extras in Hollywood. But Gary has made the top of the ladder and packs a mighty wallop with his pleasing personality. In addition to the films you mention, he was in *Doomsday* with Florence Vidor and in *The Legion of the Condemned* and *The First Kiss* with Fay Wray; also in *Lilac Time*, with Colleen Moore.

E. F. O'B., Pauline M., Jean and Betty and Henry D. Just a kindly word to all contented members of the discontented fan club movement. I am sorry that SCREENLAND has discontinued its fan club department but we do not have one any more to answer your needs. But any service I can render you in the way of first hand information about your favorites, minus questions pertaining to picture contests, I'll be glad to fall down stairs for you.

Andre of N. Y. C. Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Mont., but she doesn't say when. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and has green eyes and titian hair. Two of her latest films are, *Pay as You Enter* and *State Street Sadie*. Write her at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. William Boyd and Elinor Faire were married in Santa Ana, Cal., Jan. 12, 1926.

O. H. D. of Williamsport, Pa. Of course you're *not* a dumb looking guy, I can see that. But don't you believe all the tales they wag about how easy it is to get in the movies; it's a long and rocky road and unless you have lots of courage, unusual talent, a personality that clicks and a lot of 'jack' as we say on B'way, to carry you along until you get the chance to show the directors how good you are, the rocky road will be pretty darned hard. I have never made the trip but my road map is the one used by many that have made the journey. As far as I know, Greta Garbo uses her own name in pictures. You can address her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., where she is making *War in the Dark*.



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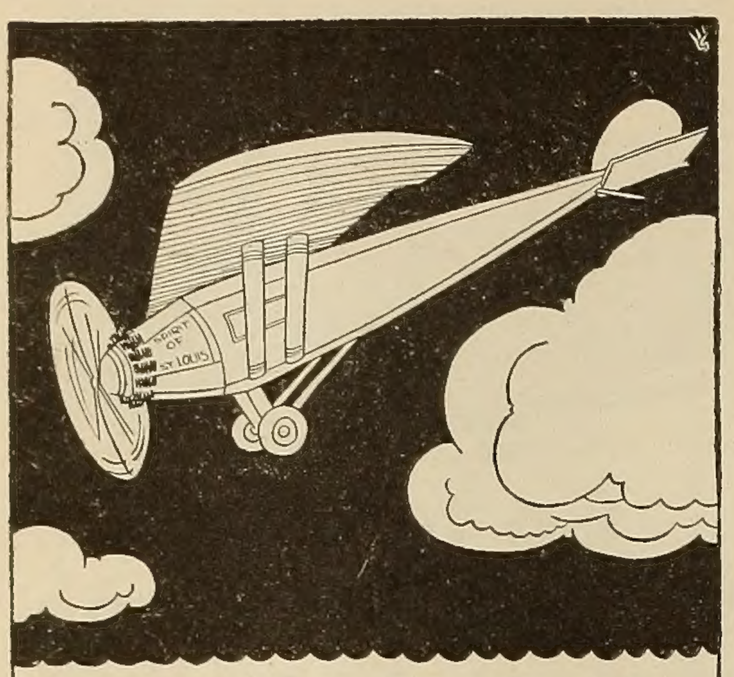

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What Has Josephine Dunn?

Continued from page 52

footlights say, "Oh, Mary Pickford, come here."

"How nice," thought Josephine, "I'll get to see Mary Pickford." And she glanced about her expectantly.

Mary Pickford did not appear and her name was called again. Josephine waited, looking at every girl that moved, for it might be she. And then one of the girls whispered in her ear, "He means you, you little dumbbell! Go on down there to him."

A trembling little girl with long golden curls found her way to the footlights. "Step aside," said the man who had asked for Mary Pickford, "wait until I get through talking to the rest of the girls. I want to see you."

When the girls had gone the interview went like this:

"What is your name?"

"Josephine Dunn."

"Ever been on the stage?"

"No, sir."

"Like to?"

"Why—y-yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"I'm sixteen."

"Now we can't pay the girls very much. We're going on the road, you see, but it will be good training for you. Forty-five dollars is all that we can pay."

"Forty-five dollars a month?"

"No, a week."

Josephine literally fell into her home and called her mother. "I'm an actress!" she announced.

"It always happens like that to me," she said, when I talked to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios the other day. "I'm always going somewhere with somebody and getting a job. I don't know what it's all about until it has happened and then I guess I still don't know what it's all about. I'm the original meek sister. Do everything that I'm told. Get to work a half hour early, never question. And things just seem to happen to me.

"Mother thought I was ill when I told her that I was going on the stage. I was home from school, you see, on vacation and she let me go in the show only on the promise that I would go back to school in the fall but by that time I was working in another show and then I promised that I would certainly go back the next year and by that time I was in the Follies and then came the pictures and I never kept my promise."

She is such a wisp of a thing, so blonde, so blue-eyed, so fragile, so demure.

"I got in pictures like that, too," she said, "another friend of mine was going over to the Paramount Studios in New York to have a test made and I tagged along. We both sat in the make-up room until a man came in and made up my friend. Then he turned to me and told me to start putting cold cream on my face, 'But I'm not having a test,' I told him. But he said for me to put on a make-up anyhow and he'd take me down and ask the director to give me one.

"I'm either a very pliable person or else I'm just a child of fate, for I let them put on the make-up and I went down and had the test and the very next day somebody called me up and said, 'You're a member of the Paramount School!' "

Josephine, by the way, is one of the only two girls who has really done something important on the screen after having been graduated. Buddy Rogers is an outstanding success among the boys, but Josephine and Thelma Todd are the only two successful girls out of the eight who were enrolled.

She served her apprenticeship and worked in the New York studios until the east and west coasts combined, when she came to California with her mother and brother and played leads in *Love's Greatest Mistake*, *Fireman Save My Child*, and others.

Between pictures she did whatever the studio told her. "I was always called on to make personal appearances at the various theatres, or when new pictures opened in small towns, and I was always petrified. But I didn't know that I could refuse. I thought that if you worked in a studio you did what you were told.

"When I made personal appearances I had a little set speech that I always said. It was so silly and dumb all about how glad I was to be there and it's a wonder I didn't wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in the middle of the summer. Besides that when I'm very excited I almost stutter and I was always so scared that I'd start to stutter just at the wrong moment and spoil everything.

"One day I had an engagement with a friend of mine, a girl who had worked in pictures for a long time, and they called me up and told me of a personal appearance. When I told my friend she said, 'You're awfully silly. Tell them that you have an engagement and that you can't possibly make it, that you will go out the next time they ask you but you can't do it now.' I shall never forget how amazed I was. I didn't dream that I could get away with it!

"Only once did I refuse a part and that was to play a bit in a picture in which I thought I was going to do the lead. I simply couldn't have done that."

But for all her meekness, Josephine has poise and intelligence. The fact that she can laugh at herself shows that. Going into show business when she did has given her poise. I was amazed that she could follow the routines, that she could even attempt to do it.

"Oh, the first show I was in was not a very hard dancing show," she said, "and, anyhow, I've danced all my life, although I had never seen any dancing except in the movies. It was marvelous experience for me, just being sort of thrown into the theatrical business. It was one of those sink or swim things and I had to dance or get out of the show, so I danced.

"Things rather come to you. You must not strive too hard. The things that I've always wanted very, very much have evaded me but every time I've gone somewhere with somebody I've gotten a job.

"This last break," she gestured toward the set, "was the only thing that ever happened normally. And it was certainly timely. My contract at Paramount was over and I needed money badly, when my agent called me and said I should go to M. G. M. for a test. That was as things should happen but so seldom do. The test was for this, the lead in *Excess Baggage*. It's marvelous, isn't it, such a grand show and playing opposite William Haines!"

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